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*Mostly about People*

JANUARY, 1925



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## The Future

'Tis well that the future is hid from our sight,  
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,  
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,  
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above  
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,  
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,  
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,  
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near;  
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,  
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

—From *Heart Throbs*, Vol. II.





# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



MARCH fourth will be moving day in Washington. The holders of governmental positions are like a line of people at a ticket office. When the man at the head of the line gets his ticket and walks away from the window, the line moves ahead. So the resignation, retirement or dismissal of anyone in the consular, diplomatic, or cabinet circles means a general moving up of the line. This movement began in the first week of January with the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Joseph McKenna, after twenty-seven years of service as a member of that august body. Attorney-General Harlan F. Stone was immediately named by the President to fill the vacancy, and Charles B. Warren, former Ambassador to Mexico and to Japan, was chosen to be Attorney-General. Then Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes sent in his resignation to take effect March fourth, and Frank B. Kellogg, now Ambassador to Great Britain, is slated to occupy the Cabinet position vacated by Mr. Hughes. Alanson B. Houghton, now Ambassador to Germany, has been announced as successor to Mr. Kellogg at the Court of St. James, and the general expectation is that Henry P. Fletcher, now Ambassador to Italy, will be transferred to Germany.

One position in the Cabinet still remains open—that of Secretary of Agriculture. When this is filled, there may be another general moving along the line. The President offered this position to Mr. Hoover, now the Secretary of Commerce, who feels that he can render a greater service to the country in his present position, and therefore declined the honor. The name of Herbert Myrick of Springfield is being strongly urged upon the President for the important post of Secretary of Agriculture, and his appointment would undoubtedly meet with the unanimous approbation of the agricultural interests.

From various rumors in circulation among the official group in the Capital it is not at all unlikely that other changes may occur on moving day.



VISITORS at Arlington House in Washington are reminded of Sarah A. Reed, who so vividly depicts a story of the days of Lafayette and President Monroe. Miss Reed is the author of several books—among which is this charming tale of Arlington House. It tells the story in the letters from Virginia Compton to her mother, describing her first budding love affair and how she met her young lover, Captain Worthington, when the vehicle was driving out to Arlington House in the days when roads were well nigh impassable. She describes with vivacity a reception which Lafayette attended and her description of the lover, Captain Worthington, is a gem in epistolary literature. An account of a reception at the White House,

describing President and Mrs. Monroe, is of historic interest, and the visit to Mount Vernon and the chat at the dinner table covering such subjects as the treachery of Aaron Burr, which was then current news, is of absorbing interest.

Everyone who visits Arlington House finds the details of this ancient and romantic old home described with fidelity. The letters begin by mentioning the lover as "Captain," with



MISS SARAH A. REED

*Author of "The Romance of Arlington House," a charming and idyllic love story woven around that historic and romantic dwelling in the days of Lafayette and President Monroe*

the deference of a new acquaintance, but in the later letters it is Harry—just Harry. Cousin Mary takes tea with Virginia from the Martha Washington teapot, and stately Miss Compton has the proud distinction of wearing Madame Lafayette's pearl necklace at a ball given in the East Room of the White House.

Many editions of "The Romance of Arlington House" have been published, and a new and forthcoming edition will contain a stirring sequel. During the Washington Conference, the great-great-granddaughter of Virginia Compton met the great-great-grandson of Lafayette at Arlington House and to-



gether they journeyed to Mount Vernon, completing the cycle of four generations, making the romance one that keeps on revealing the quaint pictures of the "good old times" in Washington.



CHARLES B. WARREN

*The President's choice for Attorney-General rendered conspicuous service while Ambassador to Japan during the period of the Washington arms conference and helped to bring about amicable relations between the United States and Mexico after a long period of diplomatic rupture. For several years he has been one of the leaders of the Republican party*

Pennsylvania. The first course in 1887 covered the British Isles, and from that extended on to the French Empire. Nearly every continent and almost every country in the world has been covered in these busy Monday afternoons.

At one time Miss Reed was a teacher, but she has been more than a teacher ever since. The Wednesday Class which began in 1879 still meets at her home, located near the business section of Erie. The course began with "A Trip Around the World," and the members have traveled far afield and kept in touch with literary reviews and topics of the times for nearly half a century.

These study classes have been a veritable educational institution in Erie. What Miss Reed has given the class comes from first-hand personal observation, while her study classes were the beginning of a wide-spread movement of this character throughout the country.

During her wide world travels her first thought has been to bring to her home people all the information that she can gather concerning the countries she visits. Her family were among the early pioneers in Erie and her name is indissolubly associated with the development of the city on Lake Erie that possesses the flag ship of Admiral Perry from which he flashed back that stirring message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" These words have been an inspiration to the American navy and to American youth, and the floating shrine still remains—the flag ship "Victory,"—a mute but potent inspiration to American valor.

In Miss Reed's home at Erie have been entertained, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips and many other literary lights in that brilliant galaxy of New England authors. Her library is filled with books and redolent with the personality of distinguished authors and scholars and the atmosphere of culture and learning. An active member of the Daughters of the Revolution, as well as many other civic organizations, this tall and stately lady, with wavy gray hair, by her fascinating way of lucidly explaining what she has seen or read has made her study classes among the most noted in the country.

It is doubtful if there is any one woman's organization in the country that has covered more subjects continuously and consecutively than Miss Reed's Study Class in Erie.

Among other activities Miss Reed is president of the Erie home for the friendless, for which she has made a generous endowment. One department is for children and the other for elderly ladies, and as we look upon these orphans, from two to twelve, and the home provided for the elderly ladies—we see the sunrise and the sunset in life.

The love, thoughtfulness and care given to each child and the comforts provided for the home by the woman whose life work has been given to others, is one of the inspirations that the activities of Sarah Reed has provided for those who follow in her work.



ONE of the most interesting financial problems of history is connected with the subject of France's war debt to the United States—a debt that in all human probability she never will be able to pay, and that we shall have to eventually write off the ledger as part of our contribution to the cause of humanity.

The amount of this debt assumes such a staggering total that even in these modern days of high finance when millions are spoken of as carelessly as thousands once were, it is impossible to form a mental conception of its true relation to our ordinary standards of computation. Up to the year 1918, the "running expenses" of the United States had never exceeded a billion dollars in any one year. France owes us at the present time pretty close to four billion dollars—or the equivalent of enough to pay the total expenses of running this great country of ours for four years on a pre-war basis of expenditures.

How would it seem to you not to have to pay a cent of taxes for four years? Figured on a pro rata basis, France owes every man, woman and child in the United States about \$34—an amount that is rapidly increasing because of the fact that France finds herself at the present time unable to pay even the interest on the debt, let alone the principal.

The total income of the French Government amounts to about 24,000,000,000 francs a year.

If France tried to pay simply the interest on her American and British debts, this would absorb close to 20,000,000,000 francs a year. In other words, French finance is in such a tangle that only 5,000,000,000 francs a year would be left with which to run the Government of a nation of about 40,000,000 people. As the franc is worth now only 5½ cents, it is obvious that France could not operate with such funds.

In 1923 the service on such debts as France tried to meet cost 56 per cent. But, owing to shortage of funds and maturing obligations, in 1924 France had to go on increasing her borrowings at high interest.

Thus, while she was unable to catch up with the interest payments on her debts, she kept getting deeper and deeper into the financial toils through incurring new obligations.

But, allowing that France could pay the United States, and should elect to make the payment in one dollar bills—just



FRANK B. KELLOGG

*The present Ambassador to Great Britain will enter the Cabinet on March fourth as the new Secretary of State. Through service at many European conferences he is familiar with outstanding problems of foreign policy*



what physical elements would enter into the transaction? A brand new one dollar bill as it comes from the mint fresh and shining with conscious rectitude is three one-thousandths of an inch thick, three and one-eighth inches wide, and seven and seven-sixteenths inches long. These four billion one-dollar bills, therefore, if placed end to end in a continuous strip, would extend for a distance of 29,750,000,000 inches—or 2,479,166,666 feet—which are the equivalent of 469,539 miles, or eighteen times the distance around the earth, measured on the equator, with 19,539 miles to spare. Or piled flat, one upon another, they would make a pile one hundred and eighty-nine and a half miles high. Their total weight would amount to 8,000,000 pounds, and it would require a freight train of sixty-one cars of 60-ton capacity to transport them. An expert money counter—say, a paying teller in a bank—working eight hours a day, every working day in the year, with no time off for sickness or vacation, would require thirty-five years to count these bills. Or, if the original four billion dollars was invested at four per cent compound interest, and that interest was paid quarterly in one dollar bills, this same suppositious expert money counter would not be able to count them as fast as they accumulated.

Any way you look at it, four billions of dollars is a lot of money.



THERE is one appointment, that of Harlan Fiske Stone as a justice of the Supreme Court, that seems to meet with universal approbation. In charge of the Department of Justice since the retirement of Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, he has done splendid work and restored to a great measure the confidence of the general public in the fairness and efficiency of that much abused department.

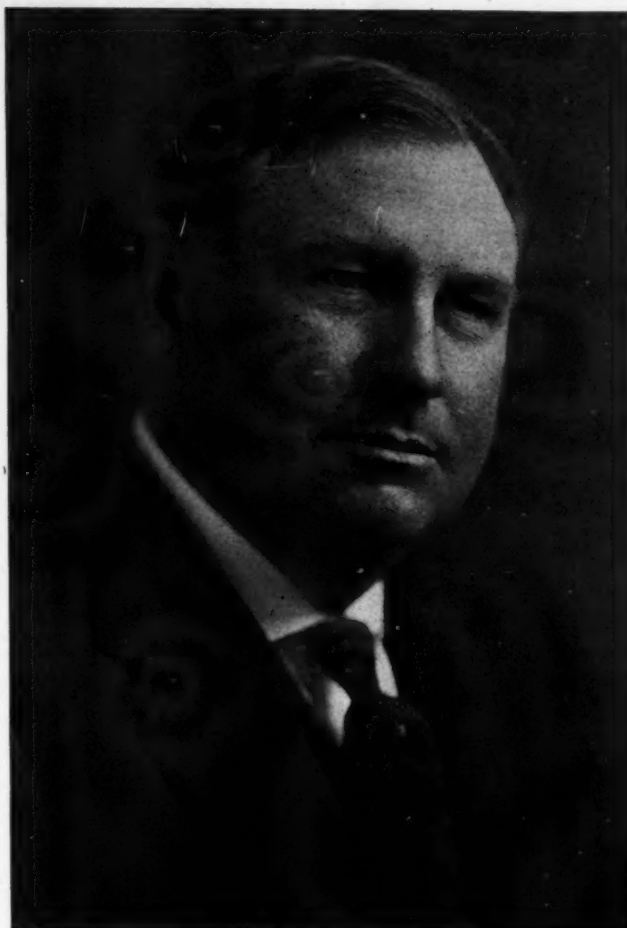
Though a comparatively young man to be chosen for such a distinction, he brings to the chief tribunal of the United States an enviable record from the courts as a lawyer, from Columbia University as a teacher and as Dean, and from the Department of Justice as a reorganizer and leader.

Mr. Stone was a student at Amherst when the President was there, although they were not members of the same class, and a friendship was formed then which has continued ever since. It was the great confidence reposed in him by the President, that led to his selection to take charge of the Department of Justice after the retirement of Attorney-General Daugherty.



ONE of the largest and most hazardous projects undertaken by the Department of the Interior, through the Geological Survey has been that of mapping Colorado River and its tributaries. From time to time since 1869, when Maj. J. W. Powell, afterward Director of the Geological Survey, first explored the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, topographers, engineers, and geologists of the Survey have been making surveys in parts of the 244,000 square miles drained by the river. Systematic surveys for a series of large-scale maps of the river and the adjacent areas were begun in 1909, and the field work required for these maps is now practically completed. Much of this field work was hazardous and the surveying parties at times suffered great hardships.

When Major Powell made his historic first trip vast stretches of the basin of the Colorado were still unexplored, and the great canyon itself was practically unknown except as a theme for fantastic tales by the Indians. Today, the maps prepared and the information collected by the Geological Survey furnish an accurate knowledge of nearly 2,000 miles of the watercourses in this basin, showing every turn of every stream, the location and the fall of all the rapids, the topography and geology of the canyon walls, and the location and cross sections of the more feasible dam sites.



HARLAN FISKE STONE

*Present Attorney-General of the United States, recently appointed to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, has done a splendid work in restoring the Department of Justice to its former standing in the confidence of the public*

The preparation of these maps constitutes one part of the work done by the Geological Survey in determining the water resources of the United States and in classifying the public lands. It is part of a systematic program for obtaining the basic data essential to a comprehensive national scheme for the development of rivers for power, irrigation, and other uses.



THERE was a thrill when I stopped in the Patent Office and "examined" a patent granted to a printer, as a curiosity, dated January 31st, 1791. It provided for a new kind of punches and matrices for making type, and was awarded to Francis Bailey of Philadelphia, being the fourth patent issued by the United States. At the time it was issued there was no patent office. The papers were signed personally by George Washington, President; Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State and Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General. With these flourishing and now historic signatures, the patent proved proof against litigation. The Capital of the then new republic was located at Philadelphia, with little thought at that time that it would ever be removed from the city in which the Continental Congress first met and in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. As there are no copies extant of the second and third patents issued by the government, this document in reality represents the very first patent existing issued to a nation of inventors.



TALCOTT WILLIAMS, A.B., A.M., L.H.D., LL.D., Litt.D.,  
Noted journalist and scholar, was born in Turkey, the son of a missionary. Besides editorial positions on various important journals, is emeritus professor of journalism on the Pulitzer Foundation, Columbia University, a trustee and vice-president of the Constantinople Woman's College, a contributor to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and co-editor of the *International Encyclopedia*, the *Encyclopedia Americana* and the *Encyclopedia of Political Science*

DURING his visit to the United States, M. Louis Aubert, editor of the *Revue de Paris*, made some prophecies concerning Soviet recognition. In this he pictured an end to the ills of Europe, if only the pledge of President Coolidge to extend financial aid could be made. The elections in England and turn of affairs in France indicate that the editor was not a real prophet as far as early recognition of the Soviet was concerned. The last country to fall in line on the financial adjustment was France, but former Ambassador Jusserand is taking hold of the matter with a vigor that promises to bring about amicable arrangements so that France will be able to recuperate herself and make the plans of payment to the United States, extended over a hundred years, a burden of comparative light draft as far as the present generation is concerned.



THERE is nothing that seems to daunt the inquiring mind of youth of to-day. Radio has broken the shackles of some of the traditions of the past and made the world seem like a serious-minded neighborhood. Now comes Professor Shaw declaring that primitive man didn't laugh, the evidence of this being still apparent in the Orient, and now he declares we are drifting back to a laughless age. The startling fact associated with this proposition is that a certain amount of intelligence is required to laugh—and can it be that by making intelligence too easy to acquire we are reverting to the barbaric type? Now we are entering the sober period of psychological surface thought. Perhaps we may as well prepare to have museums in which to preserve our jokes as rare specimens, and label them as "relics of the age of laughter." The age of Mark

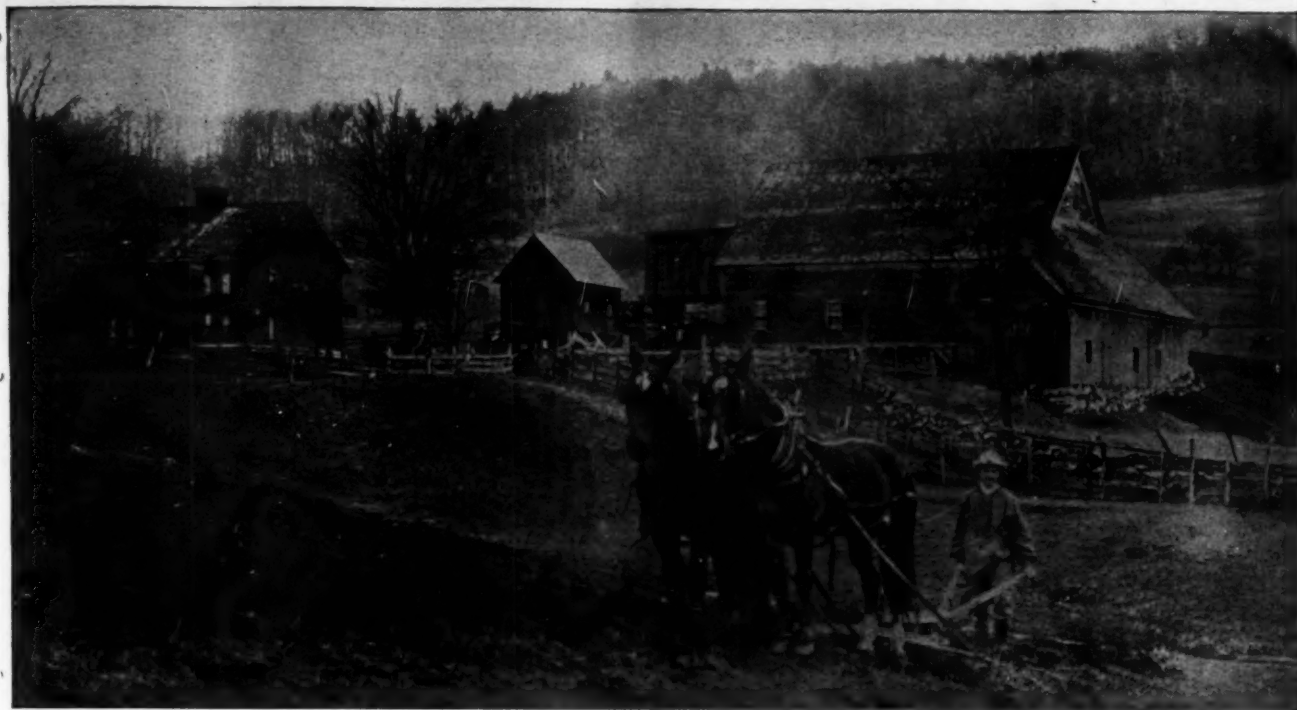
Twain, Artemus Ward and Josh Billings must not be forgotten, even if custom seems to submerge the laughter of today into cackles at custard pie episodes in movie scenes. There are people who can look over a copy of *Life* or *Punch* right through from cover to cover without even a laughing twinkle in their eye. In ancient days people laughed with a sneer; they laughed at Columbus and Galileo, as they now joke about Einstein, and in early years joked about Edison. They are now joking about the 18th Amendment, and some insist that Henry Ford's success was due to the early jokes about himself, and later jokes about the "flivver," and the billion dollars' worth of laughs at a Ford. The only thing that made the "banana song" was that some one started to seriously laugh at the inanity and inconsistency of the first words of the chorus.

Some day there may be classes for Wednesday evening for the purpose of practising how to laugh as well as how to sing. The individuals with a sense of humor will be sought as the soothsayer and astrologers of old, for "laugh and the world laughs with you" remains a classic. What are we going to do with radio, x-ray, aeroplanes and cross-word puzzles suppressing or strangling the hearty impulse to laugh? The one exploited virtue of motion pictures and vaudeville is that they



MRS. JOHN W. WEEKS

Wife of the Secretary of War, has spent nearly twenty years in Washington and, with the exception of Mrs. Hughes, has had more experience in official life than any other woman in the Cabinet. Mrs. Weeks was Martha Sinclair, daughter of John G. Sinclair, of New Hampshire, who was prominent in its public life and three times ran for Governor. She met Mr. Weeks while wintering in Florida, and married him a few years after his graduation from the Naval Academy



CALVIN COOLIDGE PLOWING ON HIS FATHER'S FARM IN PLYMOUTH, VERMONT,  
DURING VACATION

do bring a laugh now and then—even if occasionally only a slap-stick explosion. The antics on the screen or on the stage that bring laughter are permitted under the laws for the preservation of laughter, and lightly passed over by the "Board of Censors," an unofficial body with a big name, whose real functions in themselves, if recited in detail, might touch off the satiated and atrophied risibilities that are sometimes classified as laughter. Even the lame-duck Congress is suffering for a breathing spell of laughter. If the sunburst of humor is much longer deferred, they may turn about and laugh at themselves.



AN incipient volcanic eruption that came near being a live volcano in the remote past, is described in a geologic folio on the Apishapa region, Colo., a publication of the Department of the Interior, Geological Survey. The region is part of the semiarid plains and mesas that lie at the east foot of the Rocky Mountains near Pueblo. The rocks at the surface are largely soft shales and thin limestones that give rise to flat-topped mesas and "badlands." In the center of the area thick resistant sandstones rise in a low dome, into which Apishapa and Huerfano rivers and their tributaries have cut deep, vertical-walled canyons. Small vertical dikes of ancient lava cut these rocks at many places and point toward the towering Spanish Peaks, to the southwest, once a great center of volcanic activity.

In the sharp dome in the midst of the nearly flat strata of the area some of the lower rocks of the region are exposed, and it is believed that this doming of the strata was caused by an injection of lava beneath the rocks now exposed, which if it could have burst through this cover, would have formed a volcano. Similar domes not far distant in the Great Plains have been eroded deeply enough to expose the intrusive lava. These "volcanoes" that never reached the eruptive stage are common in many portions of the West.

The Apishapa folio tells the story of the accumulation, millions of years ago, of the thick layers of sedimentary rocks in a great inland sea in which strange marine animals lived,

of the formation of coal and fire clay in the hard sandstone strata that contain imprints of prostrate trees and of the leaves of the coal-forming plants, of the great gorges that were cut through sandstone hills and ridges of hard rock, and of the way in which the porous rocks store water that is tapped by deep artesian wells.



EVERY one likes to know the elevation of the place where he lives or of the mountains or hills that he climbs. The Government maps of the United States made by the Department of the Interior, through the Geological Survey, show in great detail the heights of the ground above mean sea level in all parts of the country. Nearly a million copies of these maps are printed and distributed by the Geological Survey every year.

More than 30 years ago a topographic survey of the State of Connecticut was completed by the Geological Survey in co-operation with the State, which paid half the cost of the field work. At that time the need for exact elevations was not appreciated, but about five years later Congress directed the Geological Survey to determine accurately the elevations of numerous points in every area thereafter surveyed and to give their heights on permanent bench marks. Since 1897 about 100,000 such marks have been set up along more than 300,000 miles of spirit-level lines run in the United States, but not until recently has any such work been done in Connecticut.

In 1922 and 1923 the Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, in co-operation with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Department of Commerce, and the State Highway Commission of Connecticut, ran more than a thousand miles of accurate spirit-level lines in that State and set up metal marks showing the elevations of more than 400 points. In every large city or town there are one or more such marks, which are of great use to local engineers in their public or private surveys.

All these elevations are reckoned from mean sea level, so that surveyors can start level lines from any of the marks and check surveys made by others starting from different bases.



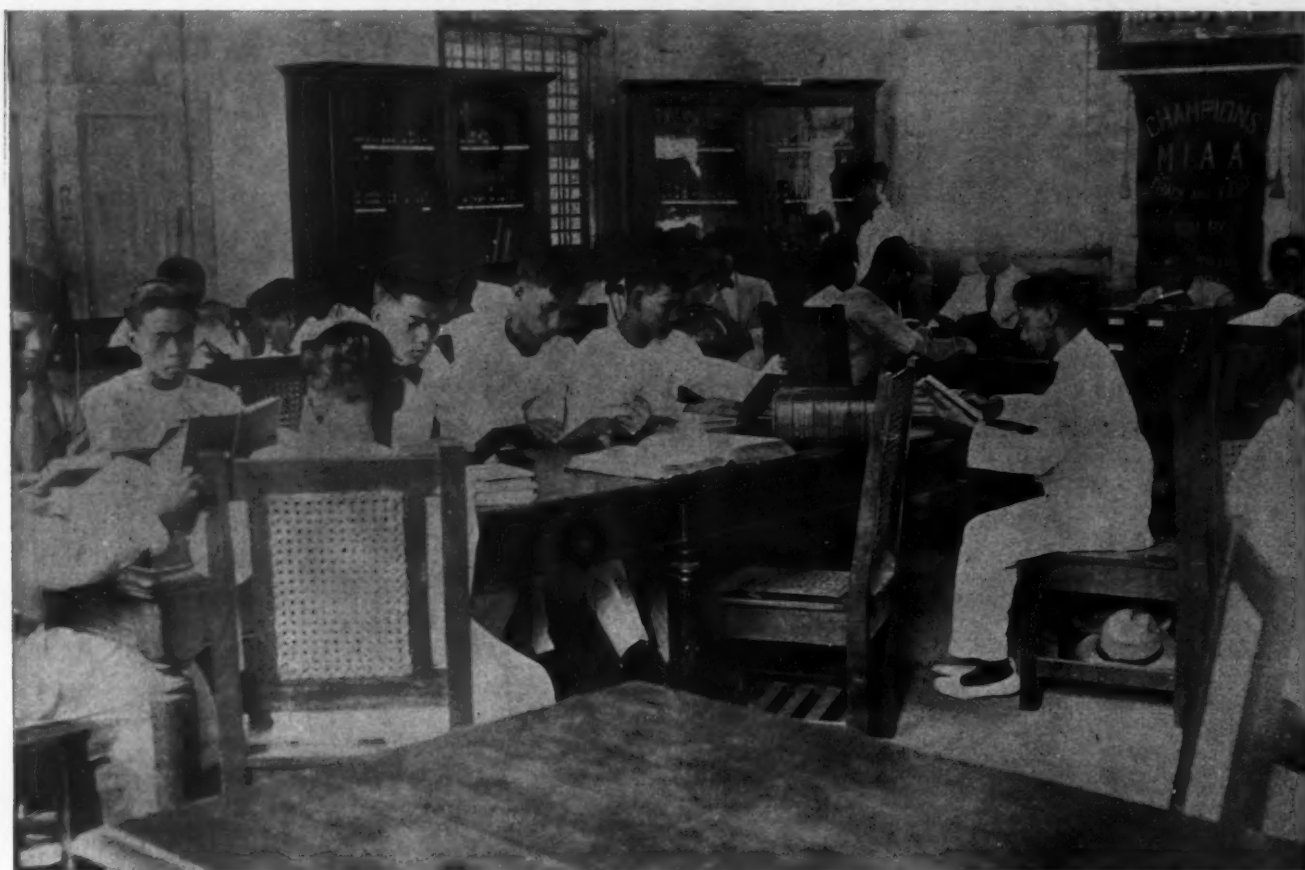


Photo by courtesy of Bureau of Education, Manila, P. I.

A STUDIOUS GROUP OF UNCLE SAM'S WARDS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE PHILIPPINE SCHOOL OF ARTS AND TRADES AT MANILA

*The public schools of the Philippine Islands own 1200 school libraries, all of which are available to the public, and there is no people more eager for educational advantages than the Filipinos*

In 1890, when the topographic survey of Connecticut was made, the standard of accuracy required by engineers in map work was not so high as it is now, and many changes have occurred in the features shown, so that a complete revision of old maps is necessary to make them useful for present-day requirements. The 400 or more fixed points now available as a basis for determining elevations will make a re-survey of the State feasible, provided the State can share with the Geological Survey the cost of the field work. Such co-operation is now in effect with twenty-one States, which thus obtain accurate maps at comparatively little expense.



SIXTY million dollars a day is the average amount expended in retail stores by the American people, according to a study of Population's Purchasing Power made by the Department of Domestic Distribution of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Retail business in the United States reached an estimated total of \$21,947,638,923 in 1923, a per capita expenditure of \$207.62 for food, clothing, furniture, fuel and light and miscellaneous commodities. More than a third of this amount, over \$9,000,000,000, was spent in the Middle Atlantic and East North Central States.

On the basis of the Department's estimates retail expenditures were greater for 1923 than for 1922, but considerably below the peak year of 1920. In that year, for example, the average expenditure for clothing was \$74.70. In 1923 it was \$48.03. The largest retail bill of the country is for food,—\$97.58 per capita.

The tables compiled by the Domestic Distribution Department are designed to afford manufacturers and distributors a method of approximating how much of a given commodity or article each of the 31 centers of distribution throughout the country will absorb.



THAT the President had under consideration the selection of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt as a compromise in the controversy over the Federal district judgeship in Northern California became known only recently after Mrs. Willebrandt had been summoned to the White House for a conference with the Chief Executive. Soon after her departure Senator Shortridge called to renew his recommendations for the appointment of Judge A. F. St. Sure of San Francisco, who is now a member of the District Court of Appeals of California.

Mrs. Willebrandt, who is the stormy petrel of the Department of Justice, has been Assistant Attorney-General since the beginning of the Harding administration. In her prohibition enforcement work she has become the storm center of a number of controversies in which senators and other government officers have taken part. She has caused the dismissal of a number of district attorneys and assistant district attorneys, the latest incident being that of Assistant District Attorney Van Riper of New Jersey. She was also accused by United States District Attorney Robert O. Harris of Boston of having a hand in his removal a few weeks ago. Should Mrs. Willebrandt be appointed, she would be the first woman to be named to the Federal bench. Her home is in Los Angeles.

# The United States—and the World Court

*While the rest of the World was indifferent, we tried to sell it the idea of an international tribunal; and now that 47 nations have adopted our original plan, the United States stands aloof. Will some gentleman in the audience kindly explain why?*

LOOKING back upon the event it is easy to see that it was most unfortunate from an academic viewpoint that the Permanent Court of International Justice—commonly referred to as the World Court—should, from the circumstances attending its establishment, have become so closely associated in the minds of the American people with the League of Nations as to prevent an unbiased consideration of its possible merits or demerits as a separate entity.

Most of us, I believe, in the United States, are quite firmly of the opinion that the League of Nations is a fine institution—for certain European states. Most of us also, I believe, have thought of the World Court and the League of Nations as being members of the same nest of cats. And the thought still persists that they are—though the proponents of the World Court would have us to believe distinctly otherwise.

The trouble seems to be, however, in getting this idea across, that in the beginning the impression was deliberately fostered that the League of Nations and the World Court, working in conjunction, could bring peace to a troubled world, establish Law in the place of War as a means of settling international disputes, and place the small weak nations of the world upon a safe and sane footing.

This eminently humane and laudable idea surely was what was in the minds of the original designers of the World Court. It was what was in the mind of President Wilson. It was this juxtaposition of two correlated and reciprocatory plans for the betterment of the world that the statesmen of Europe eagerly accepted—and that the people of the United States as promptly rejected.

As a matter of fact, the Permanent Court of International Justice, as now constituted and administered, owes its establishment solely to the initiative of the League of Nations. In the course of the settlement of the terms of peace, after the ending of the World War, the pressing need for some such universally recognized court of resort for the adjustment of international disputes was generally recognized and admitted; but the great number of questions then pressing for consideration, and the chaotic conditions prevailing in the finance, trade and commerce of the whole world—and in virtually every ordinary aspect of the lives of the nations devastated by the war—made it manifestly impossible to undertake at that time the organization of such a judicial institution. Article XIV of the Covenant of the League therefore provided that:

The Council shall formulate and submit to the members of the League for adoption, plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

## By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

This would seem to pretty clearly establish the fatherhood of the World Court. But if this be not enough, it is a further matter of record that on February 13, 1920, the Council of the League appointed an Advisory Committee of Jurists to draft a working plan for the Court. This committee of eleven members, all eminent because of their knowledge of international law, was made up with one exception of citizens or subjects of nations that were already members of the League of Nations—the sole exception being that master of international jurisprudence, the Hon. Elihu Root, former Secretary of State of the United States.

Ten representatives of the League of Nations, and one outsider—although fourteen other nations besides the United States remain outside the Court, and seven of these are not members of the League. Again pretty conclusive evidence of the parenthood and probable predisposition of the Court.

THIS committee of jurists drafted a statute for the Court, and submitted it to the Council of the League—which, after due consideration, decided to submit it, with some changes, to the member nations. At the first assembly of the League at Geneva in November, 1920, it was so submitted, and on December 13th the Assembly unanimously adopted a resolution providing that this statute, with a protocol prefixed, should be submitted to the member nations for ratification. The protocol stating that the member nations, through the signatures to be attached by their authorized representatives, declared their acceptance of the annexed statute for the Permanent Court and accepted its jurisdiction in accordance with the terms of the statute and subject to its conditions.

Of the fifty-five nations that are members of the League, forty-seven have signed the protocol and thus become parties to the operation of the World Court.

Abyssinia, Argentina, Guatemala, Honduras, the Irish Free State, Nicaragua and Peru—all members of the League—are not included in the World Court; while Afghanistan, Ecuador, Egypt, Germany, Mexico, the Russian Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, Turkey and the United States are going it on their own—being neither members of the League or of the Court.

Thus it will be seen that no nation not a member of the League has accepted jurisdiction of the Court—which raises immediately the question in most people's minds whether membership in the League is not a pre-requisite to becoming a member of the Court. This despite the efforts of the advocates of the World Court idea of settling international disputes to induce the United States to join the Court.

The advantages—to the Court—of such an acceptance by the United States of the principles involved are obvious. The advantages to the member nations are obvious also—but the advantages to the United States require, apparently, a lot of explaining to make clear to the man in the street why we should accept the World Court after turning down the League of Nations of which the World Court is a part of root and branch—despite the eager protestations of its proponents to the contrary.

It is clear as daylight to the most elementary intelligence that the United States could do the World Court a lot of good—whether the World Court could or would do the United States any good is something that only the able minds of the best informed statesmen can safely premise. This is a most unfortunate situation—imperiling the whole future usefulness of the World Court, or at any rate necessarily greatly limiting its possible usefulness—for, lacking the support of the United States, which the powers responsible for establishing the Court had every reason to confidently expect, the Court itself is very like a three-legged stool of which one leg is missing. It is possible to prop a brick under it to temporarily supply the lack of the missing member, but fatally easy to kick out the brick by accident or design and allow the stool to fall of its own overbalanced weight.

I say that the powers behind the establishment of the World Court expected the concurrence of the United States—advisedly. For it is blood brother to the League of Nations, and Woodrow Wilson came back from Paris ablaze with the spirit of the Crusaders to sell the idea of the League to the American people, and with it, had he succeeded, would have gone the World Court idea just as it has gone with the selling of the League idea to the forty-seven nations that have accepted both. His tragic failure to accomplish what he attempted will remain always as one of the most poignantly pitiful incidents of statecraft in the history of the world.

Right or wrong in his viewpoint, no man—not even the wisest—can venture to say, but right or wrong, he was a martyr to his idea, and gave his life for it—more than which no man can do.

But when the people of the United States rejected the League of Nations, so far as we are concerned, it would appear that the World Court went also into the discard.

Years ago in the country districts where buyers for the tanneries went about with a horse and wagon from farm to farm, picking up the skins of slaughtered animals, there was current an expressive saying that “the tail goes with the hide.” In this case surely the World Court, which was the “tail,” went with the “hide” of the League of Nations.

This, too, may have been a great mistake. Just as sometimes individuals may not know that which is best for them, nations sometimes display a lack of proper judgment.



There is as much to be said upon the one side as the other. Quite apart from any question of the amount of good that the World Court may accomplish, the fact remains that its establishment is in line with what the United States itself has advocated for many years.

The instructions to the United States delegates to the First Hague Conference in 1899, were that they should present at an opportune moment a plan for an international tribunal for the promotion of international justice. This plan, which was a carefully devised project for a tribunal capable of meeting in full bench and permanent in the exercise of its functions, like the Supreme Court of the United States, met with about as much favorable consideration from the delegates from the other nations as the World Court idea is meeting with today in this country. In its place the British proposal embodying the working plan for what is known as the Hague Court—which is not a court at all, but a board of arbitration—was accepted.

Great things were hoped for from the establishment of this court of arbitration, even though the American delegates were disappointed in not having their plan for an actual permanent court accepted, and reported that they believed:

... that, although it will doubtless be found imperfect and will require modification as time goes on, it will form a thoroughly practical beginning, it will produce valuable results from the outset, and it will be the germ out of which a better and better system will be gradually evolved.

An optimistic view of the future that, as events have proved, was woefully unjustified.

**A**T the time of the meeting of the Second Hague Conference in 1907, the United States delegates, by instruction of Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, again renewed the proposal for the establishment of a permanent tribunal.

Mr. Choate, first delegate of the United States, in presenting to the Conference the draft of the American plan for a permanent Court, pointed out that the results of the First Conference had not met the demands of the nations concerned because it had been "thus far a court only in name—a framework for the selection of references for each particular case."

At this Second Conference the essential features of the American project for a permanent court were agreed upon, except the method of electing the judges. The difficulty on this point being that there is a small number of large nations and a large number of small nations, and that if each state were to have an equal voice in the selection of the judges, the small nations would control the choice.

This stumbling block to the deliberations of the Conference necessitated that the method of electing the judges should be referred back to the various governments concerned, and plans were being proposed and considered from that time (1907), until the breaking out of the World War without apparent approach toward a solution of the problem; the small nations maintaining their position of having equal sovereign rights, while the large states were unwilling to put their larger populations and more extensive interests under the control of the small states.

But the grouping of all but eight of the nations in an international organization after the war, opened a way for choosing the judges that had not previously existed. The members of the League of Nations comprise two groups: the Assembly, in which all of them, large or small, are represented; and the Council, in which only the larger nations have a voice.

In 1920, the League appointed an Advisory



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

*The present Secretary of State, who has strongly urged the adherence of the United States to the World Court, after twenty years of public service is to leave the Cabinet on March 4th. The grateful Republic which he has served so long, so faithfully and with such distinguished ability and success, now is compelled to allow him to resume the private practice of the law in order to provide for the future of his family—and yet the Secretary of The League of Nations receives a salary of \$30,000 per year*

Committee of Jurists—of which Mr. Root was a member—to draft a plan for a Permanent Court. To the meeting of this Committee, Mr. Root took the American plan which had been urged upon the Second Hague Conference by the American delegates, which the Conference recommended adopting, and which failed only of adoption by reason of the difficulty that arose about the appointing of the judges.

It was Mr. Root's suggestion to the 1920 Committee that they make use of the two organized bodies of the nations that had come into existence since 1907—namely, the Assembly, controlled by the smaller powers, and the Council, controlled by the larger powers—that solved this difficulty. His proposal was that the judges should be elected by the separate concurrent votes of both of these groups—in other words, that no one could be elected as a judge without a majority vote of both groups. This plan guaranteed the smaller nations the full sovereign rights for which they were insistent, and made it possible for the larger nations to prevent the election of any one unsatisfactory to them.

This method of choosing the judges was finally agreed upon, and the present judges of the World

Court were so elected. Therefore, the Court as now constituted, while it is the offspring of the League of Nations to the extent that no nation not a member of the League now has a vote for its judges, and that the salaries and expenses of the Court are paid from the League treasury, is indubitably conducted along the lines advocated by the government of the United States. In other words: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

Had it not been so visibly linked with the League of Nations in the public mind from its beginning, there can be no doubt but what the United States would have become a member of the World Court. We had been trying, since 1899, to set up such a Court, and we had succeeded at the second meeting of the Hague Conference in 1907 in getting the adoption of our plan recommended if a satisfactory way of choosing its judges could be found.

When, in the endeavor to get things straightened out after the war, and put the nations of the world upon a firmer foundation, it came about that our original plan was put into operation without our aid or participation, it set in motion a machine that the government of the United States had been trying to construct for many years.

The situation therefore is—that the World Court is something that we have been working persistently to bring into being, but now that it is an accomplished fact we are debarred from it by a strong distaste for association with its sponsors.

Illogical, perhaps, on our part—but nevertheless understandable. For a matter of twenty years we had been trying with scant success to interest the other nations in the establishment of a judicial body for the settlement of international disputes. Like most gratuitous advice—no matter how intrinsically sound or how well meant—our advice had been largely unwelcomed. The small nations that were left flat on their backs, gasping for air, after the war, were glad of any excuse to seize hold of Uncle Sam's coat-tails—while before that their customary gesture had been the expressive one with which small boys sometimes, from a safe distance, express their scorn of a hated rival. The larger nations, faced now with the tremendous problems of post-war financing—the ones that have to bear the major expense of keeping the League of Nations and the World Court as going concerns—would be very glad to see the United States sharing a part of that burden—while in the past they were blandly indifferent to anything that we might say. Or, as one old deacon of our acquaintance used to say: "There's a mighty sight of difference 'tween tweedledee and tweedle-dum."

Not but what it might conceivably be advantageous to the United States if we were to join the World Court, while still remaining outside the League of Nations. We have been urged strongly in that direction by men who above all others should have been in a position to know, who were amply qualified to judge, who unquestionably had the ultimate best interest of the American people very closely at heart.

Mr. Harding's memorable address at the luncheon of the Associated Press in New York city on April 24, 1923, was largely devoted to a direct plea for the adherence of the United States to the protocol establishing the International Court of Justice. In the course of that address he said:

The perfected court must be a matter of development. I earnestly commend it because it is a great step in the right direction toward the peaceful settlement of justiciable questions, toward the elimina-



A few pages of gossip about

## Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

**T**HERE were even the jolly "hee-hee's!" that ring out over the back fence, amid the applause of that great audience. A beautiful tribute of woman to woman was witnessed when Mrs. Frederick M. Paist was overwhelmingly re-elected National President of the Young Women's Christian Association. She had presided with grace and dignity during that convention in New York City, attended by representatives from all over the world. Her genius for administrative work was emphasized in the dispatch of business. During one short interim she yielded the gavel for a breathing spell and greeted the young women of the various bureaus like a commander on the firing line, her eyes still shining with the inspiration of that gathering of earnest women.

"Women are now beginning to live more for others than ever. What is more cheering to a woman's heart than the honest praise and support of womankind?"

There was a moistened eye reflecting the depth of her appreciation.

The National President of the Young Women's Christian Association was born in Boonesboro,

prominently identified with the Young Women's Christian Association.

"With its now broadened membership, the Young Women's Christian Association will prove an important factor in world affairs. Naturally women understand the necessity and the importance of Christian training and education. The language of love is translated by deeds and the high standard of enduring affection is the love that comes in the heart of a mother for a child. Our girls are doing wonderful work—practical work making for substantial self-reliant womanly citizenship."

Familiar with legislative action, Mrs. Paist keeps in close touch with the work of the Young Women's Christian Association in all parts of the country. When I called up a Young Women's Christian Association far away from headquarters, I heard all about Mrs. Paist. Her personality seems to impress itself upon the membership which includes approximately a million young women consecrated to the cause of Christian fellowship among women.

The practical side of her duties has a special appeal for Mrs. Paist because it concerns the opportunities offered girls who are earning their own living. A thorough survey of the functions of the organization was made during the war overseas, and the result is a far-reaching, increasing influence which began in patriotic and vigorous war service and continued after the armistice.

"The Young Women's Christian Association is a point of contact, a means of acquaintance that brings the social life of the nation or community together in a common understanding of their aspirations and hopes for their families."

A medium-sized woman, usually dressed in black, wearing pearls, face aglow in speaking, graceful in gestures, with a voice equally well modulated for the charm of conversation, or in presiding over or speaking to a large audience, Mrs. Paist is decisive, but always amiable.

"We are planning to make the next year one of the most notable in our history. It is only the beginning of greater possibilities. The membership will soon extend to every nation on earth, with a fuller appraisal of the inestimable heritage of young womanhood, as the priceless boon of every country."



### The Humorist and The Artist are mingled in this Popular Illustrator

**F**ATHER and son were together. The son was painting a picture which expressed the depths of filial devotion. It recalled the day at Pelham Manor, Westchester County, New York, in 1877, when James Montgomery Flagg was born, and the young father declared, "My son will be an artist."

Resting for a moment from his pen, the father continued: "I cannot remember the time when



**JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG**, noted illustrator, is a master of water color painting. His portraits in oil and in water colors exhibited in the Salons of Paris and New York have for years been a delight to art lovers. He is the author of a number of books displaying a strong sense of humor

Montgomery was not drawing pictures—on the floor, on the wall, everywhere—always with a pencil."

Educated in public and private schools, James Montgomery Flagg also studied at the Art Students' League and spent his early boyhood days in England. "The scenes in dear old London are among the most vivid impressions of my life. I was a worshiper of Whistler who was then in his prime." In these early days Montgomery Flagg set a high standard for his own work.

His first illustrations were used by the *St. Nicholas Magazine* and since that time he has been drawing for *Judge* and *Life*, sketches that sparkle with his genius, while his illustrations in all the leading magazines and periodicals have made him one of the most popular artists of his time. In 1900 he began painting portraits in Paris which were exhibited in the Paris Salon, and his work in oils and water colors in the National Academy of Design and the New York Water Color Club attracted art lovers. In his water colors he reveals a triumphal strength, catching the spirit of Nature, in falling water or rustling leaves, putting human nature at its best in a harmony of moods.

James Montgomery Flagg is not only an artist, but an author whose keen sense of humor has made him a vogue. His "Yankee Girls Abroad," "Tomfoolery," "If—a Guide to Bad Manners," "Why They Married," "All in the Same Boat," "The Mystery of the Hated Man," all have the charming satire that scintillates with good humor.

Like many modern authors and artists, he has



**MRS. FREDERICK M. PAIST**, National President of the Young Women's Christian Association, possesses a genius for administrative work that makes her an exceedingly efficient and popular executive. She is familiar with legislative action and alert to every practical detail affecting the welfare of girls who have to earn their own living

Iowa, the daughter of White Block Wilbur. Her brother is Hon. Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy in President Coolidge's Cabinet, who retired from the Supreme Bench of California to accept the appointment. Mrs. Paist was formerly the head of the Christian Endeavor Society in California, and upon her removal to Germantown, Pennsylvania, she became more



The heart of Ancient Rome  
with a modern street through it

© EWING GALLOWAY

**SIGNS OF MODERN PROGRESS** are now evident in the ancient city that once was the ruler of the world, where History still broods over the great deeds of the past, and where the tyrant Nero held his court of cruelty and lust. It seems like an anachronism to find a smooth paved modern street where once the war chariots of the Roman legions rattled over the uneven stones that formed the roadways of this famous capital of the world

made an expedition into the motion picture realm. "In Girls You Know," and other satirical comedies he has won fame on the screen. During the war he was appointed state military artist by Governor Whitman and designed forty-five notable war posters. They are in themselves a collection of art. His stirring appeal in the poster of Uncle Sam pointing his finger at "You," was most effective. The Red Cross mother poster will live in the hearts of the people and awaken memories of tense days with the boys "overseas."

In his New York studio there were paintings that would make an art exhibition in themselves. The portrait of his wife was a tribute in water colors. Here and there the original sketch for a poster, a portrait in oil just being completed of an eminent celebrity, seemed to speak with us while we chatted.

The average business man who is prone to belittle art and discuss it from the point of measuring it as yards of canvas or by the pound of paint, or the bristles of the brush, continually talking "efficiency" until red in the face, is the one personality an artist will dodge. A true lover of Nature—Nature in her real moods—James Montgomery Flagg lives his life in his own way, creating ideas that will radiate his conception of art. He ranks as a premier in the new school of American artists who are giving America a distinctive place in the realm of art.

Tall and handsome, with hair brushed back, a twinkle in his brown eyes, he has the charm of friendliness.

One picture in the studio arrested my attention. A view through a window from the interior of an old barn. It conveyed something

indescribable in its simplicity and feeling. The very straw, the cob webs in the filmy shadows seemed to suffuse that canvas with the soul of the pastoral beauty outside, although an interior scene. The reality was lifted into the ideal. No lens in a camera could ever catch the something that defies all efforts to reproduce by mechanical process. Nature withholds some expressions as do individuals, even between close friends—lovers, parents and children, husband and wife—reserving that something in human relationship not expressed in words. Poets take dizzy flights to find that phrase in verse; artists try to catch the Voice of the Soul.



#### Noted Englishwoman tells of work of Young Women's Christian Association

**W**ALKING up the banks of the river Dee, I made a pilgrimage to Hawarden Castle in England to see William E. Gladstone in the last days of his career. A picture of the Grand Old Man of England in his library with his white hair flowing in the breeze, his hawk-like nose, flashing eyes and mellifluous voice which rang out in Parliament for over half a century, was recalled in meeting Lady Gladstone, his granddaughter, in New York, during the Young Women's Christian Association Convention. When she arose to address the great audience of American women there was a thought of how women have come to take so much more prominent a part in world affairs since the days of Gladstone.

Lady Gladstone was queenly in her womanliness

and spoke in a voice with the earnestness of a great commoner. Gowned in simple black, adorned by a string of pearls, she made her plea for the girls. As a representative of the Young Women's Christian Association of England she talked for the womanhood of the world. In the audience were Christian women from the old world and the new, the Far East and the Near, the distant North and the far away South on to the Orient of the west, to strengthen each other and to serve womanhood through the Young Women's Christian Association, the largest women's organization in the world. Through years of experience, expert assistance, an inheritance to over a million members of girls scattered in forty-six countries.

At the meeting in New York the scope of the Young Women's Christian Association was broadened, so that its membership makes it now a most comprehensive international and all-inclusive institution for women's work. Creeds are set aside for a universal fellowship.

Even in conversation with guests Lady Gladstone insisted upon talking about the Young Women's Christian Association work.

"We women are beginning to understand each other. Heretofore we have been taught to understand man as the master and chief object in life, but now we are giving attention to becoming acquainted with our own sex, while the inherent gallantry of men made them our comrades for advancement of the world's work."

The gathering of many thousand women reflected the light of understanding and fraternity.

"Do not be alarmed. We are not forgetting the home side," continued Lady Gladstone. "There were few young women who attended the meeting this afternoon of our workers, who could not handle a typewriter and earn her own living. They know how to speak and write and could cook a meal and take care of a home. The mere physical process of housekeeping is not paramount



**LADY GLADSTONE**, granddaughter of William E. Gladstone, recently visited this country as a representative of the Young Women's Christian Association of England, and won the regard of everyone with whom she came in contact by her charming manner and perfect poise



to the real spiritual ideal in home making. The home is where you feel the incense of amity, the close kinship of the family. When this is more fully developed there will be less difficulty in bringing nations together with the understanding of what it means to cultivate friendliness as arduously, vigorously, skillfully and intensely as we have the arts of war and commerce in the past."

The omnipotent American camera man and irrepressible interviewer did not disturb the poise of Lady Gladstone.

"We must adjust ourselves to whatever is essential to further the good cause," she said smilingly, catching up the long tresses of her wavy hair before the camera clicked.



#### Georgia Claims this Picturesque Lawyer-Editor-Statesman as a Favorite son

AT a national convention there is always an interest that flutters around the men whose names and faces are or have been familiar to the public. At Madison Square, amid the squalls and storms of delegate contest, the overture of roll call "Alabama twenty-four votes for Underwood," an interested spectator was pointed out on the platform.

"There's Hoke Smith!"

The older people craned their necks and pointed out to the younger people the Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's Cabinet and the former Senator and Governor of Georgia. His national prominence in public life began at the early age of thirty-seven. The incidents of his career have been thrashed over in many a hard fought political campaign "down in Georgia." The School of Experience he attended had a curriculum of "hard knocks." Reared in the small college town atmosphere, he developed individuality. In fact his father, a scion of New England Revolutionary stock who had migrated from New Hampshire as a young professor and later became president of the college, insisted that "Hoke" was the making of a good professor.



**H**OKÉ SMITH, former Senator and Governor of Georgia, is a picturesque figure and has rightly earned his success. From penniless school teacher to impetuous lawyer to able statesman about epitomizes his career. Now he stands high in his chosen profession of the law



**W**INTER SPORTS AT QUEBEC attract each season increasing numbers of visitors from the States. It is now quite the thing to run up to the Hotel Frontenac over a week end for a frolic in the snow. Here is a jolly party of Boston people enjoying the novel sensation of dog sledging

The boy was named Michael Hoke Smith, but he chose the maiden name of his mother, Mary Brent Hoke, upon which to build a reputation. To be known merely as "Mike Smith" was not suitable for his ambitious purposes and he has found himself distinctive in having the name of "Hoke"—as individualistic as the one bearing the name. The father wanted Hoke to take up the profession of teaching and young Hoke began as village school master at Waynesboro.

When I sat in his office in Washington recently, he turned in his chair and remarked: "I would rather have people say Hoke Smith is a good lawyer than any other title that might be bestowed upon me. I went without eating to purchase two old worn volumes of Blackstone and the Georgia code. After teaching all day I found it a fascination to go to my room and in the light of a kerosene lamp read law far into the morning.

After being admitted to the bar he launched into his professional career with fifty dollars he had saved from his salary as a school teacher. The little office was kitchen, dining room and bedroom, so he had to get up at an early hour in the morning in anticipation of clients who might call early—but he was happy living among his law books.

His first legal victory was a verdict against a large carpet corporation. When he won the case the losing side sent for him to employ him, feeling that he fought fair and knew his law. Launching into the newspaper business he found the law, newspapers and politics mixed well. He made a crusade in the prosecution of convict lessees, and made his paper, the *Atlanta Journal*, one of the most influential papers in the South.

Thirty years after he left his position as a penniless school master to become a lawyer, he walked out of the Interior Department with a cool half million in his pocket. He was taking one of Uncle Sam's vouchers for \$469,000 as an allowance and payment of one of the largest claims of the World War, which he had won on a hard fought case.

There was something kindly in his manner as I saw him talking to a group of young lawyers. His words were remembered.

"Spend at least five nights studying and never leave your office except to go to some place where your business calls you. Never spend the money of a client or even your part until you receive it from your client. Hard work is about the only thing that brings results."

Hoke Smith is a tall man, with kindly blue eyes and a kindly smile with lines of character and perseverance. While he loves his South, his native city and Georgia, Hoke Smith long ago proved that he was a man who could think in terms of national interest in defiance of partisan or sectional influence.

"I insist on being just in my personal expression concerning public men, just as I expect justice for myself or clients in a court."



#### Hard Luck Put This Plucky Air-Man Out of the Race

**B**UMPING against an uncharted and unnamed mountain in Alaska with his aeroplane, Major Frederick L. Martin was compelled to abandon his part in the around-the-world flight. The aerial tour was continued by the three other planes under command of Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, a California boy, who received heavy bombardment training in England.

Like the average aviator, Major Martin is a modest man. A native of Indiana, he graduated in mechanical engineering from Purdue University and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps in 1908, and was given the rank of Captain in 1916. Transferred in 1920 to the Army Air Service, he now holds the rank of Major. During the World War he was detailed to important work in the Air Service. With flying training at Bolling Field, Anacostia, D. C., and at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida, and his advance flying training as bombardment pilot at Kelly Field, San Antonio,



Texas, Major Martin has just about boxed the compass in aviation adventures.

Until given charge of the around-the-world flight, Major Martin served as commanding officer of the Air Service Technical School at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.

Under the direction of Major-General Mason M. Patrick, chief of the Army Air Service, the War Department made new records in 1924. The



**MAJOR FREDERICK L. MARTIN**, in charge of the around-the-world airplane flight, unfortunately bumped against an uncharted and unnamed mountain in Alaska with his plane, and was compelled to abandon his part in the undertaking at that point, much to his sorrow

airplanes used in the around-the-world flight were Douglas World-Cruisers. The routes and maps were in charge of Captain St. Clair Streett, who had made a preliminary scouting trip to Alaska.

Aviation records are usually calculated by "flying hours." Lieutenant Smith has spent 1,700 hours in the air, of which 1,000 hours were spent in cross-country flights, as a preliminary record of acclimation. During these tense hours he has flown nearly 100,000 miles, which is equal to six times around the globe—an aerial mileage that surpasses even the dreams of Jules Verne in his wildest fiction adventures.

Foreign governments are welcoming the air fleets which present a new phase of social amity between nations heretofore conveyed by officials aboard battleships and cruisers. The American aviators in Japan received something of the same cordial welcome accorded Admiral Perry when he first anchored in Japanese waters.

"The significance and influence of the air flights of 1924 will mark an important progress in the relations and understandings between nations. There is a curious but binding fellowship and comradeship between aviators. There is a welcome to aviation, not so much as a means of warfare, but as a means of closer and more friendly communication between nations. There is a fascination in the mastery of the air—sweeping over mountain range and broad expanse of sea that gives one a thrill that nothing else can parallel. America is the birthplace of aviation, and we have the aviators and the machines that will mark an advance in aviation in the next ten years that will make some of the experiences of the World War seem like ancient history."

### One of the Most Able and Popular Governors that Massachusetts Ever Had

**ASSOCIATED** with the earlier public career of President Calvin Coolidge is that of his successor, Channing H. Cox, former Governor of Massachusetts. As Lieutenant-Governor with Calvin Coolidge he proved an active and attentive assistant to the executive head of the Commonwealth and trained himself for the promotion.

Although Governor Cox was born at Manchester, New Hampshire, and naturally drifted to Dartmouth, like many Dartmouth lads he followed in the footsteps of Daniel Webster and came to Boston to launch a legal career with a prelude of politics. Elected to the legislature, he proved, through his faculty of making friends and his ability, a public servant of the kind that succeeds in the Bay State. The same popularity he enjoyed as a student in Dartmouth followed him to Boston. He was elected Governor of Massachusetts by an overwhelming majority the same year his namesake, James M. Cox, lost by an overwhelming majority as Democratic candidate for President. During the Pilgrim Ter-Centenary Exposition in 1921 he graced the occasion with poise and dignity, for he believes in the old Dartmouth song, "Set the Watch and Let Not Traditions Fail."

At the very outset of his public career, Channing Cox popularized a slogan that was fulfilled in his administration as Governor: "In government there should be better business methods, and in business less government interference."

"I long believed that the budget system was the only practical way of working out the problems of war tax indebtedness—and the test proves it."

A pioneer in the budget plan, the State of Massachusetts confronted some knotty problems at first, which, when worked out, has saved the federal government large sums in the adoption of the budget system.



**CHANNING H. COX**, whose term as Governor of Massachusetts has just expired, has been looked upon as one of the most popular and efficient executives who have held that honorable position by the choice of the electorate of the Old Bay State

In appearance Channing Cox is of medium size, with the ringing voice of a speaker. Possessing the genial ways of a mixer he belongs to everything joinable. Although scheduled for the United States Senatorship, he decided to resume the practice of law after many years of public service and making his record as a real type of New England Governor.

"It has always seemed to me that every citizen should assume willingly some public responsibility, as well as to serve on a jury. You cannot have good government unless all citizens participate and not permit the rights which cost so much to go by default. There has always been and always will be enough good citizens to control the government, if they will but give themselves devotedly to the task. I have always felt that no greater honor could come to me than to have been Governor of Massachusetts."

With the application of his stock of common sense to public matters, Channing Cox faced the after-war problems with businesslike determination. While kept busy gracing social and public occasions, maintaining the poise demanded of the executive head of the Commonwealth under the golden dome on Beacon Street, he set a high watermark for successors to follow, as he was, in turn, given a high standard to meet when he took the chair vacated by Calvin Coolidge to become Vice-President and later President of the United States.



### Former Actress Enters Political Field With Amazing Success

**TENACITY** and singleness of purpose are found in the brief but full career of Mrs. Izetta Jewel Brown of Kingwood, West Virginia. To nominate a Presidential candidate, who won the nomination, is a distinction and honor that belongs to Izetta Brown. She first brought the name of John W. Davis before the San Francisco Convention in 1920 and with one of the finest speeches delivered at the Madison Square Garden in 1924 named the Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket.

In the midst of a stage career of promise, first appearing in Boston as Izetta Jewel, she met Congressman Brown. A courtship terminated in a very happy marriage in the Capital City. Under the charming influence of Mr. and Mrs. Brown their home soon became prominent in Washington social life. The death of her husband was a sad blow.

Following his death, Mrs. Brown found herself with little money and a run-down, stockless farm near Kingwood, West Virginia. At this point Mrs. Brown began to exhibit the qualities of perseverance, courage and management which have placed her among the leading women of this country. The little farm took on new life; cattle grazed where there had been no cattle; old, dilapidated buildings were replaced by modern structures. The farm was placed on a paying basis, and became the model of the community. All this was accomplished without any previous preparation, for Mrs. Brown is a city woman born and bred.

A woman with an abundance of energy and large capacity, Mrs. Brown began a search for a means of utilizing her ability. Her activity found an outlet in the civil and political affairs of the community where she effected many reforms in the schools, and through her efforts the agricultural life of the neighborhood was brought to a higher standard. Her influence continued to grow and soon political leaders recognized the qualities of a standard bearer. She was induced to become a candidate for United States Senator on the Democratic ticket in 1922, at which time she was defeated by a small majority.

Mrs. Brown entered the political arena with the same determination and decisiveness of character which had distinguished her previous

work. Her campaign speeches revealed insight, a remarkable knowledge of public affairs, and were invariably delivered with force. Mrs. Brown was not considered a serious contender,



**MRS. IZETTA JEWEL BROWN**, who made the nominating speech for John W. Davis at Madison Square Garden, was an actress before her marriage. As the wife of Congressman Brown she became prominent in Washington social life. After the death of her husband she turned to politics, with conspicuous success

but before the campaign was over her opponent found a fight on his hands that he had not anticipated.

"My dramatic training taught me the value of enunciation. To mumble words is an insult to our beautiful language and is an indication of lip laziness. Speaking the 'word' clearly is a very important factor in a woman's career."

In appearance Mrs. Brown presents an aspect of radiant loveliness, force and charm. She is slight in stature, walks with freedom and energy, has a kind word and a smile that captivates all whom she meets, and is just about all that one would wish to find in the typical modern woman.

From early girlhood Mrs. Brown was interested in the suffrage cause. At one time she was asked whether she was a suffragist or a suffragette.

"I am a suffragist," she replied.

When she was asked the difference, she answered:

"Why, a suffragette is one who takes a bite out of a policeman, and a suffragist is one who takes dinner with a Senator."

Mrs. Brown was chosen to represent her state at the Democratic Convention, and it was here that her great opportunity presented itself. With one masterful stroke of oratory she clove a hopeless deadlock, giving the race of John W. Davis momentum. Defeats have been named a-plenty, but now issued the woman victorious. In her American sisters have one political leader of whom they are proud.



#### The Founder of Rotary Watched His Idea Spread Over the World

**I**N Chicago there lives in a quiet routine of life the man who has started a worldwide movement. While conventions, representing twenty-six nations and every city of importance in this country, are deliberating on his ideals and purposes of "Rotary International," Paul Harris, the founder of Rotary continues to live his ideals day by day.

Three men of varied occupations gathered to

take dinner with him when he explained the loneliness of a big city. He conceived the idea of having a club, made up of members representing a separate business, furnishing a cross section of information, concentrating on the one ideal of friendliness. There was no thought of ritual, uniform or ceremony—it was to be a litany of friendship. They boosted each other. The idea took root first in Chicago, then in San Francisco and other large cities, then it was taken up by smaller cities, until today there are about two thousand clubs scattered over the country.

Paul Harris was born in Racine, Wisconsin, and was a regular prank-loving lad. Early in childhood he was sent to Vermont where he lived with his grandparents during the formative years of childhood, and was a student at the State University. In the isolation of that Green Mountain farm he began to think of friendliness.

He began the practice of law after his graduation from the Iowa State University in 1891, and came to Chicago in 1896, where he began to think Rotary, having rotated in many educational institutions, worked for a marble quarry



**PAUL HARRIS**, the founder of Rotary, started something when he formed the first club of that name in Chicago in 1905. In twenty years the movement has spread over most of the world and grows in popularity and influence year by year

company, served as a cub reporter on newspapers in San Francisco and Denver, rode the range as a cowboy and crossed the Atlantic in a cattle ship—a regular roving rotarian.

"Rotary is the leaven in the loaf of humanliness of the real life we live."

In personal appearance Paul Harris is a medium-sized slender man with hair scarce a'top, with kindly black eyes—just a lovable man. His health will not permit him to attend Rotary International Conventions, but he always sends greetings as President Emeritus. Paul Harris is ever ardent in his appeal for friendliness.

"Doing things for others unconsciously becomes a habit. Try it. The joy and value of acquaintanceship is never realized until you know how to do something for others."

In the early struggling days of the organization in 1910, with Chesley Perry the present Secretary General, Paul Harris never was perturbed. There never has been a Rotary Club which has failed, for, as Paul Harris says: "The Rotary ideal can never fail. It is built upon a foundation that will endure—friendliness."

Rotary has created new ethics for the business world for Rotarians representing varied trades, vocations or professions. The membership rotates while the process of elimination

goes merrily on. Members who do not attend and do not serve on committee appointments are automatically dropped, for others are ready and waiting to take their place.

Paul Harris placed his hand on my shoulders in parting:

"My boy, Rotary is as eternal as the sun. It existed long ago, but has crystallized in this new golden era. Lincoln expressed the ideal of Rotarians when he addressed friends by their first names, the names used by mothers who ever unselfishly seek to have their boys make the most of life and its opportunities."



#### Made One of the First Automobiles—and Still Makes Them

**I**S it subconsciousness—or is it instinct?

Ask nearly any boy the name and make of an automobile whizzing by and he can tell you right off the bat. Back of it is the dream of some day owning one. Since the pioneer days of automobiles, 1902, "Willys" has been a conspicuous name on the live list, when a man struggling on the streets of Terre Haute, Indiana, with a small, one-lunged gasoline-propelled vehicle, boasted that he had three-horse-power and could go five hundred feet without stopping. Passersby gasped at the sight and shook their heads. "Poor nut—poor nut—screws are loose."

As a boy John N. Willys was the proud possessor of a bicycle repairing shop. Early and late he was fixing the punctures and straightening out the handlebars for his comrades. The start was made in Canandaigua, New York, the city of his birth, where he was born in 1873. From a bicycle expert he naturally evolved into selling automobiles.

In 1905 John N. Willys decided to make cars himself. He liked the name "Overland," a fitting name for a vehicle that supplanted the



**JOHN N. WILLYS**, a pioneer in the automobile industry, has kept right on making cars ever since he graduated from a bicycle repair shop to an auto salesman

prairie schooner of pioneer days. Then he moved west to the automobile centers to look after the making of the four hundred Overland cars that he had sold. Taking a train east or west at a junction point decided the career of this dynamic

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# Mussolini—Premier of Italy

*World figure emerges from obscurity to occupy dizzy height of fame. Building a new and stronger political structure, proves himself a genius of administration. Puts Italy on its financial feet*

ROME fell again on October 30, 1922, this time to eager youth aflame with a new patriotism. Unable to tolerate the vacillations of a weak democracy any longer, it had come to save the Italian nation and re-establish the old order.

These young victors wore strange uniforms: black shirts, sagging cartridge belts and tight-fitting caps with a black tassel bobbing in front of their noses. They called themselves "Fascisti," a word coined from the ancient Roman emblem of authority, the fasces. When they met they raised their right arms and said "Ahme" in the old Roman salute. They were the most picturesque and romantic army modern times have seen and they marched on Rome and captured it with a song—"Giovanezza—Youth! youth! Springtime of Beauty!" The whole world was intrigued.

But the most interesting factor in all this youthful revolution was its leader, Benito Mussolini. A man unheard of was suddenly the dictator of a New Italy. The son of a blacksmith, a school teacher and journalist, had become a power in world affairs. He was no rabid fanatic, preaching a wild doctrine of new freedom, but the head of a movement that sought a return to rigid discipline. He had stirred the national spirit, which had raised him to leadership, by the force and enthusiasm of his ideals. In the excitement of revolution he had captured the minds and hearts of the Italian people. But, the nations asked themselves, could he maintain his principles and power in the difficulties of forming and holding a new government?

Mussolini has been Premier of Italy for nearly two years and his accomplishments show the measure of the man. He is more than a popular leader holding his place in excitement and change. He has developed, through stress of circumstances, into a genius of administration whose force has not lessened in all the vicissitudes of reorganization. Only once has his power wavered. When anti-Fascisti feeling grew intense over the murder of Signor Matteotti, he unhesitatingly dismissed from public office all his friends who were implicated, and sought to purge the party of any fanatic element advocating uncontrolled violence. And the Italian people immediately assured him of their confidence.

Mussolini has created a new nation out of the chaos left by the post-war government. He has dragged Italy back from the abyss into which it was plunging and has instilled a new feeling of unity, of security and of progress into the very heart of the nation.

The visitor returning to Italy can see on every hand evidences of improvements made by the new regime. Its force can be felt in the most remote phases of Italian life. Italy is in better financial condition than any country in Europe today. The railroads have been improved, highways built, unemployment has been lessened

and even the beggars have disappeared from the streets of Rome. The tourist is encouraged and protected from unscrupulous shop dealers and inn keepers. Tipping, for instance, has been



**BENITO MUSSOLINI**, the son of a blacksmith, after a period of commonplace existence as a school teacher and journalist, became in consequence of a spectacular and picturesque political coup, Premier of Italy—and has proven to be surprisingly competent dictator

regulated by law to ten per cent of the hotel bill. Everywhere the people say, "Mussolini fixed that."

Much has been written about a man so appealing to the imagination. World curiosity has been enormous about Mussolini. But no characterization seems quite to place him; he has an elusive and contradictory personality that defies being put on paper. His attitude toward foreigners is very different than toward his own people and each occasion, each meeting, seems to give a new picture.

He has been described as hard, brutal, with an iron face that shows the will behind it. In the Chigi Palace where the Prime Minister has his office is a large portrait of him in his Fascisti

uniform. His arms are folded on a black-shirted chest and his face is thrust forward with an invincible, almost grim expression on it. It seems to be the picture of a stern man ruling by the very force of his personality, and yet, compare it with the sleek, rather debonair Mussolini in perfect evening clothes strolling through a brilliant ballroom smelling a shell-pink rose! Such contrasts are astounding!

On the platform he might be pictured as a dynamic, theatric orator, slinging hot words and gestures with an irresistible force. Nothing could be more of a mistake. He is a studied, rather colorless speaker, almost nonchalant in his posture, and with a modulated voice hardly audible at a short distance. In a quiet and careless way he says what he has to say and then sits down, rather bored at the wild demonstration his words always bring forth.

He has been accused of being a poseur—and why not? For a man with as much power and responsibility as he, a pose is the greatest safeguard. He cannot be "Hail fellow, well met" with everyone and still maintain his position as dictator of the Italian people. He realizes that the characteristic Latin requires a leader picturesque and remote, one about whom he can let his imagination play, and Mussolini gives him that. His people prefer him to be something of a mystery.

He is an indefatigable worker and demands as much time and energy from those about him as he himself gives. He takes his part in the numerous social activities necessary to his position, but he keeps his public and private life entirely separate. He has a wife and several small children, but they do not appear in official or social life at Rome. He says that Signora Mussolini is unconnected with the Prime Minister of Italy. She is his wife, and not the Italian government's, and her place and duties are in her own home. He is not the Prime Minister there, he is only a tired government servant looking for rest and relaxation.

Because of his humble origin, Mussolini had no particular training in the social graces so necessary to a representative of the King. The story goes that on his first social appearance as Premier, he wore loud tan shoes with his dress suit. The consternation was enormous, and when Mussolini learned of his mistake, he set about with characteristic directness to amend his deficiencies. He secured a social mentor who was continually by his side. As a result his lack of training has been forgotten.

In an incident that occurred at a recent reception in Rome, Mussolini gave what seems to be his whole philosophy in a sentence. An American lady, having met the great man, was most anxious to converse with him, and asked if he spoke English. He looked at her coldly and answered clearly:

"I shall not speak English until I can do so perfectly."

## Ever True

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear!

—From HEART THROBS, Vol. II



# The World Before Your Eyes

*Do you want a picture of any known place in the world, any public building, any mountain, lake, river or beach, any sort of animal, reptile, insect or fish, or any species of tree or plant or a photograph of any known person in the world? Underwood & Underwood have it, or can get it*

**I**N June of the year 1877 two boys, Elmer and Bert Underwood, aged seventeen and fifteen years respectively, started west with their parents from De Kalb, Illinois, in a horse-drawn covered wagon. The most interesting items of their camp equipment, in the minds of the boys, were a muzzle-loading double-barreled shotgun and a setter dog. With this outfit they could hunt prairie chickens and other small game and help provide the meat enroute. Other provisions were obtainable along the way at prices that are at present inconceivable. Eggs, for example, were purchased from the farmers at five cents a dozen. Those were the good old affluent days when a dollar had some purchasing value, when a man receiving \$1.25 per day could live.

The prairie schooner trip across Illinois, Iowa and Missouri was made in a month, and Kansas, then unfenced, was entered in July. Although headed for Emporia, they hesitated in that Utopian town of Ottawa, Kansas, and after remaining a few days in that geographical center of the United States, decided to remain there, and the father rented a five-room house for the family home at \$8 per month.

The elder of the boys had already served an apprenticeship for three years in a printing office in Minnesota—had "learned the printer's trade." He secured a job as compositor on the *Ottawa Journal*, a Greenback weekly local newspaper, where he received \$5 a week whenever the proprietor had funds enough to pay his help on Saturday night, which was seldom. Part pay and a promise of the balance kept him on the job all summer.

The younger brother secured a job in a grocery store as boy of all work at the munificent salary of \$8 per month.

When the fall term of school began, the boys attended—one at the Ottawa University, then a small private school (now an institution of considerable importance), the other at the public school of the town. They had some schooling at Ottawa for three years, but worked on Saturdays and evenings and during school vacations.

**A**FTER that both boys decided to launch out for themselves, one arranging to open a job printing office at Ottawa, Kansas, the other becoming a book agent with Cowley County, Kansas, for territory. In both cases their capital was very limited. The printer had started with a borrowed \$300, finding a partner who raised a like amount. By hard work in two years they had a country printing office paid for and were printing four regular publications besides doing the major part of the local job printing. The younger brother had filled up Cowley County with "Dr. Hall's Health at Home," making everybody his own doctor, and it was jokingly said that he had nearly put the physicians of that county out of business. He then undertook the sale of stereoscopes and stereoscopic photographs in the same field, succeeding so well that his brother sold his

interest in the printing establishment to join him in that work.

Together these two boys considered the stereoscopic principle and its possibilities, worked out selling methods and began canvassing in Missouri. Persistency and improvements in business methods brought them an increasing measure of success, and they soon secured the exclusive agency for Kansas and Missouri from the three stereoscopic publishers they had elected to patronize. These publishers—J. F. Jarvis of Washington, D. C., Charles Bierstadt of Niagara Falls and The Littleton View Company of Littleton, New Hampshire—supplied a sufficient variety of subjects, all from original negatives, with which to do business.

**T**HE Underwood brothers began almost immediately to appoint and train house-to-house canvassers to sell their goods, making it necessary to adopt a business name, and the firm of Underwood & Underwood sprang into existence. Very soon they built a small frame building at Ottawa, Kansas, for a supply depot from which to ship goods to their agents.

In a few months their exclusive territory was extended to comprehend all states west of the Mississippi River. In the course of two years or less, in 1884, their exclusive field was further extended to cover the entire United States, and the publishers were compelled to produce the volume of photographs demanded.

During the first few years thereafter the sales were made miscellaneous by the canvassers to the private homes, in each case the purchaser selecting from the entire range of subjects the individual photographs which they desired.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was an enthusiastic prophet as to the development of the stereoscope as a means of visual instruction. Dr. Holmes had not only invented and whittled out the first model for a hand stereoscope, but had written articles published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which inspired the young Underwoods to an endeavor to fulfill his prophecies.

In 1887 an eastern supply depot was opened at Baltimore, Maryland. One of their young canvassing agents, Charles N. Thomas, was brought

into the Baltimore office to assist in the inside work and after a time became the manager of that branch. (Mr. Thomas, who continued with the business, is now treasurer and general manager of the company.)

The Baltimore supply depot was opened in order to better reach and supply their ever-growing army of canvassers in the eastern and southern states, and soon they began to plan to make



**BERT E. UNDERWOOD**, President of the world-known firm of Underwood & Underwood, photographers. He it was who obtained the honor of photographing Their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in their coronation robes on their return to Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day—an accomplishment that gave his firm great prestige in the British realm

stereoscopic negatives of interesting subjects all over the world. As this plan proceeded, in 1889 supply depots were established in Toronto, Canada, and in Liverpool, England, and agents were sent to those countries. This made it necessary a little later to remove from Baltimore to New York City to better obtain facilities for shipping goods across the Atlantic, and the business was established in New York in 1891. A young Baltimore lad, Herbert Clarke, who was even then (in the Baltimore office) making himself very useful, and who has ever since been actively interested, was transferred with its other

assets to New York. Mr. E. H. Clarke, long well-known to all the dealers in photographic supplies as the genial head of the Purchasing Department of Underwood & Underwood, has been for years the Assistant Treasurer of the Company. From 1893 New York City became the head office of the firm.

Later the Liverpool supply depot was removed to London to facilitate Continental trade. Charles R. Abbott, who has long been second vice-president of the company and manager of its News Department, was then a young fellow

tograph. It was a plan which gave perfect orientation. This world-wide photographic undertaking required the expenditure of several hundreds of thousands of dollars and ten years or more of time. Much of the photographing was done by the Messrs. Underwood personally, and much of it by stereoscopic photographers trained and employed by them. Simultaneously business was organized and established in many countries.

In several countries the Underwoods opened supply depots of their own, and in other countries

they established agencies to carry on the work. In addition to New York, London, Toronto, Canada, and Ottawa, Kansas, they opened branch places of their own at St. Petersburg, Paris, Bombay, Singapore, Shanghai, Manila, El Paso and San Francisco. Supply agencies were established in Moscow, Helsingfors, Stockholm, Berlin, Hamburg, Nürnberg, Melbourne, and numerous other good distributing points.

In 1901 the business was incorporated in New Jersey, from which time Underwood & Underwood (Incorporated) manufactured its own goods. At that time the production had reached about 25,000 stereoscopic photographs per day, or 7,500,000 per year, and the hand stereoscopes, which they manufactured, numbered approximately 250,000 to 300,000 per year.

**A** SYSTEM of stereoscopic visual instruction was devised, improved and perfected. The accompanying text-books of the system were written by prominent American educators, each of whom was a specialist on the branch of study he covered. The ground covered in this work embraced practically all the important topics in the college and public school curriculums, enabling the students to visualize their history, geology, botany, astronomy, biology, zoology, entomology, etc. The important industries were also photographed step by step and serially arranged for schools.

For a number of years these travel and school series were adopted and used very generally and beneficially in the United States and foreign countries until the World War disorganized all of that business abroad. The war took practically all of the men connected with the organization in foreign countries and made it necessary to discontinue the foreign offices, resulting in great losses, both direct and indirect.

Having to confine the business to the United States, it was decided to open branches in Washington City and Chicago and give exclusive attention to portrait and commercial work and news photography, and in 1921 made those departments its exclusive business.

To go back again several years, Underwood & Underwood was the pioneer concern which initiated the business of supplying news photographs to illustrate periodicals. About 1896 the

firm began to secure news photographs for the illustrated papers of London and New York. Very few periodicals then used photographic illustrations, but the *London Illustrated News*, the *Graphic*, and *Black and White* were in the market and willing to pay well for photographic news pictures of national and international interest.

The first lot of photographs so supplied was a layout of Graeco-Turkish war views made by Mr. Bert Underwood personally, while at the front with the Greeks. Prints were made from the negatives in Greece and forwarded to Elmer Underwood, then in the London office. From these a layout of about fifteen or twenty subjects was offered to the paper which would bid the highest for them. The *Illustrated London News* took them for sixty guineas and made a double page of real pictures of the war in the center of their paper. The same photographs were then sent to Underwood & Underwood, New York, and sold to *Harper's Weekly*, at that time the leading illustrated paper in America, for a like amount, \$300. The next photograph offered by Underwood & Underwood (London) was one showing Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and two of the English Princesses at breakfast under an arbor in the French Riviera. This was used as a front cover by the *Graphic* of London.

A real department for the supply of news photographs for illustrating periodicals was then formed, and for a long time was the only such department in existence. As time went on this news business was extended to reach papers in many countries of the world, and Underwood & Underwood became widely known as news photographers as well as stereoscopic photographers.

This department, though termed a "News Department," was not confined to illustrations for newspapers, but supplied photographs for magazines, books, advertising, etc.

As newspapers discovered the advantage of visualizing the current events for their readers, they were in the market for more and more photographs, and the house of Underwood & Underwood met that growing demand in a larger and larger way. Every war saw the Underwood photographers with their up-to-date equipment photographing the battles and other startling features. The Spanish-American war in Cuba and the Philippines, the Boxer uprising in China, the British-Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, and other minor conflicts were covered very completely and supplied to publications all over the world. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, shipwrecks, conflagrations and all sorts of disasters were photographed and reproduced for the public in newspapers. And so were great discoveries such as the explorations in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. The political events as well were given to an interested press and public. Underwood & Underwood did much of the official photographing for several of the United States Presidents, not only at the White House in Washington, but on the presidential trips over the country. President McKinley's and President Roosevelt's administrations were the most thoroughly covered, and these historical characteristic negatives on file show practically every facial expression and gesture of these statesmen.

**T**O aid in the business of photographing the world by countries, the securing of poses from royalty and other great personages has been helpful. The heads of governments, the leaders in art, literature, science, finance, etc., have been photographed by Underwood & Underwood. Arranging for celebrities in each country to pose for photographs requires diplomacy, influential



**ELMER UNDERWOOD**, Vice-President of the firm of Underwood & Underwood. By way of introduction to Scandinavia he secured a command from King Oscar of Sweden to make photographs of His Majesty at Rosendal Palace, and took the last picture ever made of Dr. Henrik Ibsen. In Russia he was privileged to photograph the Czar and Czarina, the Grand Dukes and other celebrities

barely eighteen years of age in the Toronto office, where he had been employed since he wore knee-breeches. Because of his energetic interest he was transferred to assist in the Liverpool branch, and has been a prime factor in the business through all its development for more than thirty years.

The idea of photographing and arranging series by countries to show all the important things in each country in the order that tourists naturally visited them, was in the early 90's beginning to take form. The plan required the engaging of an authority on each country, first to assist in arranging the photographic itinerary, and, after the negatives were made, to write a descriptive book to accompany the series of photographs of the particular country the author knew so well. These books were printed in four languages, English, French, German and Russian, and contained patented maps indicating the exact standpoint of the stereoscopic traveler when viewing each scene, the direction he was looking, and by means of lines branching out from each viewpoint showed the territory covered by each pho-



letters and oft times personal influence. The difficulties in each case are invariably different and have to be overcome resourcefully. To mention a few instances of the past will illustrate a great many that are commonly considered by most people quite impossible.

It was Mr. Bert Underwood who successfully solicited the honor of photographing their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in their Coronation robes on their return to Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day. This one accomplishment gave Underwood & Underwood an added prestige and no mean standing in Great Britain, for it was the only posed photograph successfully made of Their Majesties in their Coronation robes and crowns. That was but one of numerous incidents which helped to give the firm an open sesame and an increased business throughout the British realm.

ON his arrival in Stockholm to organize the work in Scandinavia, it required less than one week for Elmer Underwood to receive a command from King Oskar to make photographs of His Majesty at Rosendal Palace. Naturally, a write-up was given in the Stockholm newspapers, which had the effect of giving Mr. Underwood a personal standing and exceptional privileges in Sweden and Norway, and also fertilized the business field for Underwood & Underwood's general agency there. On going to Christiania, Mr. Underwood was told by the American Consul there that it would be impossible to secure a sitting from Dr. Henrik Ibsen as he was a very ill man, only seen by his doctor and his nurse, who was his valet, that it would be foolishness for the consulate to attempt to render aid. Mr. Underwood then sought out Ibsen's physician, Dr. Bull, showed him a number of photographs of great men with the portrait of King Oscar as a

climax, and Dr. Bull arranged for the sitting at the Ibsen home on the following day. The last picture, and the only one which had been taken for years of the great dramatist was then produced to preserve him photographically for his admirers all over the world.

In Russia Mr. Underwood was privileged to photograph the Czar and Czarina, the Grand Dukes and other celebrities in numerous royal ceremonies, where only one other Court photographer was allowed.

The Presidents of France, Their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Their Majesties, the King of Spain and the King of Greece, and many other royal personages have been photographed by the Underwoods.

The Popes of Rome have been photographed by them, one of whom should have special mention.

Throughout the regime of His Holiness, Pope Pius X, Underwood & Underwood were stereoscopic photographers for the Vatican, making a very complete photographic record not only of Pius X, from his coronation to his death, but of all the Vatican officials engaged in their duties and activities. The scenes and ceremonies in that greatest palace of all the world and in St. Peter's, the largest of all churches, were serially and chronologically arranged by Underwood & Underwood and published with a descriptive book accompanying them. This series was much prized, especially by the Roman Catholics.

IN order to have the best opportunities in Palestine, the heads of all religious sects as well as political heads were posed before the Underwood cameras—the Patriarchs and Archbishops of the Greek, Armenian, Coptic and Syrian churches, the Great High Priest of the Jews, the Mufti (representative of the Sultan), the Sheik of the Bedouin Escorts, and the Governors of Jerusalem, Nazareth and other cities were among the personages posed.

In India the principal people from the viceroy down, including many of the Maharajahs were photographed. The same plan was carried out in other Oriental countries, so that even the King of Abyssinia and the chiefs of the wild tribes in Africa and almost anyone of importance from anywhere can be found in the negatives of Underwood & Underwood.

The photographic news business, which started about 1896, has brought about a growing competition in service for periodicals, but the Underwoods who were the first in the field have ever maintained the leadership, and it is safe to say that their distribution of photographs covers a far wider field than any agency existing. A newspaper can elect to pay for the service by the year and receive daily the most worth-while news photos that Underwood & Underwood publish, or they can be served with a variety to select from at a reasonable price per picture for those they make use of in their publications.

A portion of this illustration business is the supply of all sorts of photographs of the world over for books and other publications, whether industrial, historical, technical, or otherwise. School books are profusely illustrated from their world-wide collection, and there are illustrated dictionaries and Bibles as well. Almost everything desired for pictorial illustration can be found in the negatives filed in this Company's fireproof vault building, for there is stored the most extensive and rarest collection in all the world. Photographs of the latest of nearly everything may be obtained, whether it be the



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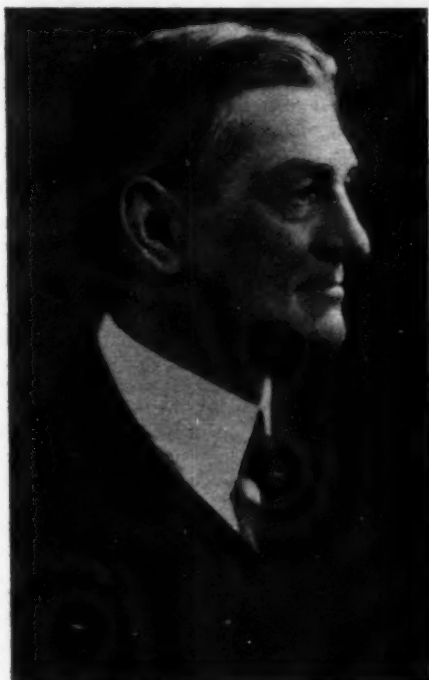
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# Edouard Herriot—Minister and Man

*The outstanding figure in France today is this professor turned politician—this student of books become a student of world policies—this army officer's son who stands for disarmament*

By MYER AGEN

**I** PERHAPS know Edouard Herriot, the man, better than Herriot, the Prime Minister of France. I had the pleasure of hearing him speak at a luncheon given in his honor by the members of the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris just before the mantle of power had descended upon his shoulders, and judging from this first impression, which is often the best, I can say that Herriot, the man, is sincere and outspoken in his opinions. Whether Herriot, the Premier, can control the opinions and actions of the men and the politicians that have come into power with his party—that is another question, a question that can best be answered by observing what this party has accomplished since its rise to power; and what it has promised, but so far found unable to accomplish.

Edouard Herriot, the man, was born at Troyes on July 5, 1872. Curiously enough, this man, who since he has risen to power has done everything to disarm France and who has shown his faith in Germany by gradually giving up the French gages in the Ruhr, was the son of a French army officer.

In 1894, Herriot graduated from college with first honors in literature; and, in accordance with the lot of all young Frenchmen, he began his military service in an infantry regiment stationed at Nancy. In spite of the rude activity of army life to which he was obliged to submit alongside of the lowliest peasant boy, he did not give up his studies; and the works of famous Greek authors always found a place in his knapsack beside his heavy woolen socks, underwear and army rations. During his hours of leisure, instead of philandering about town with his comrades, he found time to write a book on Philon, the Greek Jew, famous in antiquity as a philosopher. This book aroused much discussion in learned circles, and was finally given a prize by the French Academy whose forty immortals, as the men who make up this famous body are known, control the literary destinies of France.

Herriot began his career as an instructor at the Lycée or College of Nantes. A year later he became professor of literature at the College of Lyons, a city wherein his star was destined to rise to the heights. From 1895 to 1905 he kept his nose to the wheel of knowledge, and during that time was instrumental in impressing his personality upon a whole generation of Frenchmen—the very generation that went through the horrors of the Great War, and who are yet thirsting for the benefits of a Great Peace. It is perhaps this generation of French voters who had brought Herriot and his party of radical thinkers into power—for, it is they who have been most disillusioned by the six years of so called peace; and who feel that they had been duped by the older generation who ruled the destinies of France, while they had fought for them. Theirs may perhaps be the impatience of youth; but they form a large majority in the body politic and must be counted with.

During the years that he held the chair of literature at the Lyons College, he created a spirit akin to adoration among his pupils, because they knew that the knowledge that he was imparting to them was exact, based on years of personal study and achievement, for the professor also found time to devote to the giving



**E**DOUARD HERRIOT, Prime Minister of France, was a student of antiquity, a professor of literature at the College of Lyons, and an author of distinction before he entered politics by becoming a municipal counselor of the city of Lyons—a position equivalent to that of alderman of an American city

of public lectures and to the writing of special articles for newspapers and magazines.

In 1904 he was elected to his first political office—that of Municipal Counselor or Alderman, and the same year became Assistant-Mayor of Lyons. That placed him near a post that he has held ever since, for the following year he was elected Mayor; and it is as the Mayor of Lyons that he is known throughout France. Indeed, he justly prides himself upon the record that he had made in this the second city of France, after Paris, before the war; and voluntarily refers to it when taken to task upon any of his projects. What is more, the people of his home city are ready to swear by him, stand by him, and fight for him through thick and thin, for he has ever given them progressive government.

He found time to write in spite of the ardor of his political activities, and in 1907 published a book entitled "Agir," a title as terse in English as it is in French, for it means "Act." In this book he expressed all of his innate ambition for the grandeur of France, and his faith in the greatness of its destiny. After the war, he gave this book a companion volume entitled "Créer,"

which as tersely as his earlier book means "Create." He particularly addressed himself to the younger generation, and showed them how he understood the reconstruction of France, and its return to pre-war prosperity. M. Herriot had, in any event, himself given the first example of "creation," for in the very midst of the war, he organized and held the famous Lyons Fair, which drew to this city buyers from all over the world.

In 1910, M. Herriot was elected to the General Council; and two years later he was elected Senator for the Department of the Rhone. It was then that he became a member of the Radical Party of France, which soon placed him at its head. Although party distinctions are not very sharp in France, the members of the Radical Party may be compared in their political faith to the Liberals of England and to the Progressives of the United States. There are however many nuances of opinion in the party itself, and as its lines are not very sharply defined, the opinions of individual members may range from what may compare in the United States to say the Democratic Party down to the Socialists. Herriot himself may therefore be very moderate in his opinions; but the other members often force his hand. This is especially true in the present Government, which is kept in power by a coalition of the Radical and Socialist groups, known as the *Cartel des Gauches*, or the Party of the Left. The political nuances of the party is further complicated by the presence in its midst of Caillaux, the ex-Minister who had been condemned by the High Court of France for treasonable overtures with the Germans during the war. In this, he perhaps continued his pre-war policy of a rapprochement with Germany as against Clemenceau's policy of rapprochement with England. He however made the big mistake of not counting with the wave of public resentment that was bound to make his policies unpopular during the war. Caillaux' influence is still strong in the Radical Party, and with its return to power, everything has been done to make his political exile from Paris more bearable. Indeed, M. Herriot is himself a close friend and supporter of Caillaux, and he is not the man to forget a friend in adversity.

Herriot held his first Ministerial post in the Briand Cabinet, the latter giving him the portfolio of Public Works, Transport and Food, in his war Ministry lasting from December 19, 1916 to March 19, 1917. It is predicted by some that Briand will again come into power, when Herriot steps down from the Premiership. It is even predicted that the spirit of Caillaux in the Radical Party will cause its policies to swing even further to the left; and that the rapprochement with Germany will be even more marked than at present, but the fact stands out with some interest that these two men brought together during the war now hold the destinies of France in their hands.

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# Back Across the Syrian Desert

*From Baghdad to Damascus by automobile convoy—crossing “the burning sands” in a Cadillac. Where once the lordly camel was the sole method of conveyance, now the auto and the airplane rule*

UPON the summit of Time's great Divide, it seemed as if from the upper floor of that ancient Syrian desert I was looking over into the promised Golden Era when intermingled civilizations were to meet on the field of the Cloth of Gold. Speeding six hundred miles across the desert sands, sometimes going sixty miles an hour, was real joy riding. True, there were volleys of dust; we rode the long hours through it without stopping and saw nothing but miles and miles of sand—just sand. Jeff squinted his eyes and gazed at the horizon. “Might have a sand storm today,” he said. This statement made us nervous, because we had already heard something of those who had perished in sand storms in the desert.

I was leaving Iraq that day. Up to this time I had occupied the entire stage as the lone American, but now I was destined soon to share it with two others. While dining, I noticed a man and woman who were eating beans. I listened and heard that familiar soft, nasal twang in their speech. “Americans,” I said to myself. “Bostonians, too.” I promptly presented myself at their table and met Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farrington of Boston, who had just arrived from India by way of Basrah. They told me of their travels, but I had the glory of heroically telling them all about my trip across the desert.

When Jeff Parsons, our chauffeur, met them, he said:

“Nothing seems to keep these Yankees away. I am sure that I have seen more folks from Boston seeking for antiquities in these parts than from any other city in the United States. Is Boston a museum?”

It made us all feel grateful that the Kaiser's dream of “Berlin to Baghdad” had been supplanted by the reality of “Boston to Baghdad.” I was happy to think that on the return trip I could hear the peculiar “r's” and the, to me, beautiful accent of dear old New England, for I was now a real desert guide.

As we took our leave of the city, Baghdad was in holiday array. The narrow streets were bright with bunting. There were flags across the buildings, hanging from the roofs and balconies, in the stores in Iraq—flags everywhere. The Crown Prince Ghazi was to arrive that day.

Jeff was lashing the baggage on the running board when a parade passed through the crooked, winding thoroughfare. A trim company of Boy Scouts, with uniforms and staffs, indicative of what England has done for the country, was one of the features. The colorful spectacle made one feel that the pomp and glory of the great processions of the court of Belshazzar might some day be revived.

It was difficult to move on through this demonstration of native welcome to the heir apparent that had assumed the proportions of a New York police parade, but Jeff was obdurate—he

carries the mail. In the glare of the hot sun, which beat mercilessly down upon us, we dashed again for the desert. Just outside the city a great flock of black-tipped storks landed before us. Jeff whispered: “They are perhaps on their way from Strausburg. They usually appear when I have a bridal couple for passengers.” He lost his cigarette when he laughed.

This time the long desert trail didn't seem so long or the bumps so hard. It was almost like a swift airplane flight; in fact, we were following the white airplane furrow.

Across the smaller desert, in the town of Fel-lujah, where we crossed the Euphrates by a bridge of boats, we met the retinue of the Crown Prince in all its royal splendor. The people who followed his car were grave and gave no boisterous demonstration of their feelings. They looked on silently and salaamed to us, thinking we were of the royal party.

The heir to the throne of Iraq was a lad of about fourteen years, whom the people call Amur Ghazi. Attired in white, he wore on his turban the magic green from the Holy City, as he was just returning of Mecca. Inside his limousine, adorned with the new flag of his nation,

he sat smiling happily between two aides. He did not seem to understand what it was all about, but he was, nevertheless, playing the part of a Prince of Wales en route.

At Ramadi it was necessary to show our passports, then on we hurried to the “Mud Patch”—the clay filling of an ancient volcanic crater surrounded by bitumen pools with black scum floating on brackish waters.

As night fell and we rolled along over the desert, the headlights of the automobile shooting three hundred feet ahead, I could fancy that on either side there were towering trees, palaces and buildings. It did not seem that we were alone on the extensive plains of sand. In my mind there were dreams of Baghdad that had not been realized, but with heavy eyes now and then opening on the shaft of light before me, I could fancy the palaces of the fairy tales in all the glory of ancient days, when the City of Caliphs was at the apex of civilization. The old stories of the “Arabian Nights” were more vivid in these lonely imaginings on the return across the desert than they were when, a short while ago, I gazed upon the actual scenes.

Despite all the unpoetic, drab pictures I have



HAVING THEIR “PICTURES TAKEN” on the Syrian Desert. The amplitudinous party clad with a “nightie” in the left foreground is the Editor of the “National Magazine.” Next to him stands Jerry Naim of the Naim Transport Company, which operates the “Overland Desert Mail.” The man at the right is the redoubtable Jeff Parsons, dare-devil driver of the Cadillac auto in which Mr. Chapple and his party crossed the desert. Four English army officers are “in the rear”





**LUNCHING IN THE DESERT.** At the left, Mr. Robert Farrington of Boston; in the centre, Jerry Nairn, of the Nairn Transport Company; at the right, Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the "National Magazine." This roadside meal was eaten in the midst of the Syrian desert, while on the way to Damascus—the old, old town where the Apostle Paul "saw the light"

drawn, if you, too, still cherish fond memories of "Arabian Nights," whatever I have said, I feel sure, will only serve to enhance your curiosity and determination to some day see Baghdad as I have seen it. Already, perhaps, the charm is acting upon you as it acted upon me.

As for me—I have been to Baghdad. That's more than Doug Fairbanks can say.

Isn't that distinction enough?

\* \* \*

Every hour of the day, every hour of the night had its mood. Imagination is stirred in the endless sea of sand, for there was nothing in sight—but sand. We will begin with the hour of 6 P.M., when the Oriental day begins. With the appearance of the first star in the heavens, yesterday became today. The stars seemed to come thick and fast that night and seemed to hang very low. The horizon was filled with bright lights like clusters of lurid giant grapes. It was six o'clock according to our watches, but the beginning of the Moslem day varies with the seasons. In the light, purple dusk the moon heralded the coming night.

On chugged the Cadillac—the scenery monotonously whirling by and the headlights shining out ahead in a lane of light. We felt as though we were riding on a long stretch of smooth boulevard just outside Paris or New York. On either side I seemed to see street lamps, trees and mansions, with here and there a park. Crossing a sea of sand as far as from New York to Cleveland, we swept on without being "put off at Buffalo."

All seemed cool and quiet at the magic hour of seven. Flashes of lightning played about the horizon like great footlights for this great scene in the desert at night. Not a cloud in the sky, but the lurid light indicated that the call bell had been sounded and the curtain of night was to fall. The sands suggested a magic hour glass towering far into the heavens, marking with the falling grains the passing of centuries.

At eight o'clock the stars seemed just a little bit closer. How we sped along! It was a motorist's paradise—there were no goggled traffic goblins to "get you" and no intersecting streets to feel for the shadows of another car. The desert was as free as the air we breathed, so Jeff stepped on the gas and winked his eye as he

glanced at the speedometer. The British officers in the rear bobbed up and down like tin cans in an empty wagon box, and hit the roof now and then as we struck a waddy (the rocks of a stream flowing down through the desert during the freshets). Now and then, if we traveled fast enough over the sand and did not break through the crust, it was like skimming along on thin ice. At other times we had to wriggle through the drifts as if "off the road" on Cape Cod.

The breeze created by the rushing car refreshed us after the heat of the day. Everybody began to cheer and sing. The musical urge came as it does to all travelers in a lonely ride. When out boating, water ballads are sung—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" or "Sailing"; in winter time it is "Jingle Bells," "Seeing Nellie Home"; crossing the desert the refrain of an old love ballad of a generation ago came to me: "Until the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold, and Their Infinite Numbers are Told." There suddenly flashed in my mind that this was another case where fact and theory were in sharp conflict, for these sands of the desert not only grow cold, but very cold, every twenty-four hours.

At nine o'clock, the curfew hour, I seemed to hear bells tolling in the distance. Our throats felt parched; we took another drink from the tube, instead of from a glass, in order not to waste water. I felt a queer sensation in my stomach. My mind turned to food. "When

are we going to eat?" I whispered. Jeff gazed at his compass, made a bee-line across the trackless, roadless sands and struck a spot where he had stopped before. A camp fire was made under the lee of a little mound which we built up with sand. The old oil cans, which shone out like silver stars along the route at night, served as a protection for this flickering camp fire in the heart of the Syrian desert. A little gasoline, a little dry camel grass and some old boxes made the fire. We sat around and had chow. Our simple meal consisted only of bully beef, chicken sandwiches and pickles—but how good it tasted! We washed it down with hot tea made in the old black kettle propped up on a can. It leaked precious water, but Jeff fixed the leak on the lee side. There was a flavor of gasoline, but we didn't mind. When we had finished, we sat back, smoked, and began star-gazing, but Jeff urged making an early start. After examining his tires, he took the wheel and started off again.

At ten o'clock the engines were warming up for a hot stretch. Those in the back seat soon began to yawn, and we were most of us sleeping sitting up. Now and then we opened our eyes and wondered where we were, as we scented the bitumen pools with their sulphuric smell. Someone suggested we were getting a foretaste of the hereafter, but no one laughed at the old joke. At times it seemed as if we were traveling in circles, yet we were driving straight ahead as an arrow flies.

Eleven o'clock and all was well! Jeff scented a new trail and was letting her out for all she was worth. He gave her extra juice and we could feel her snorting away as if grateful for the increased allowance. The cloud of dust trailing behind us would have made an onlooker think the Twentieth Century train was passing. In fact, we were rushing on at a twentieth century pace.

At one rough stretch we ran into a thousand head of camels lying in the sand. When the animals got up they looked like rocking horses kicking out behind them. They are queer, knock-kneed animals, whose legs, nevertheless, never seem to knock when under way. They follow one another in single file, each one using the footprints of the one preceding. The camels are in charge of "camel boy" sheiks, who move them about for pasturage like great herds of cattle on the plains. How camels ever live on the tough grass scattered over the desert, and exist for days without water, no one knows. They have storage tank stomachs and an exhaustless cud to chew—and the flavor lasts.

Here and there are old wells where caravans have encamped for ages past. There were dents and furrows in the sands, marking the spaces



**EASTBOUND AND WESTBOUND** passenger caravans pause when meeting on the long desert highway to exchange greetings. An opportunity such as this offered to the weary travellers to descend from the autos and stretch their legs is gratefully welcomed



over which hordes of camels had rolled and disported themselves in their native habitat.

Came the witching hour of twelve! Ah! Then it seemed as if the stars met in the zenith and bowed gracefully, passing to each other the signs of the zodiac. There were new visions and sky landscapes in the heavens. No wonder the Egyptians and the Chaldeans delved deep into astronomy and dabbled in astrology. Now I can understand why God brought the people of Israel into the desert to discipline them. He was close to them there, for there was no place to hide from His all-seeing eye. There are no mountain peaks, hills, crevices, or rivers or valleys to distract from His glory above. There humanity seems very close to Divinity and you can almost hear the great voice of Jehovah in the stunning silence. When we stopped, we could hear our very hearts beat.

Broadcasting our blankets on the ground, we hoped for just a few minute's stretch and rest. While my fellow-voyagers had a "nip of a nap," as Jeff called it, I lay with face upturned to the skies, while strange little white-winged insects clustered around, and the twinkling stars were telling me bed-time stories.

Time counted, and so we were off again in the wee sma' hours. At one o'clock it was growing chilly. In the early morning the weather is freezing in the desert, and it is easy to understand why you must carry blankets. Even snow and ice is not unknown in this waste land that is torridly hot by day. Here and there were little cave dug-outs where the camel men would sequester during the heat of noon and sleep at night. In the witchery of the moonlight we could still see those tin cans strewn along the way that serve as guide-posts for the automobile convoys. It was in this desert that a battle was fought during the World War that halted a Moslem uprising and upheavals in the East. With a quick flank movement the British army had come over from India and made a campaign through these parts, about which not much has been heard or written, but which resulted in restoring the banner of the cross to the sacred soil of Palestine.

At two o'clock my legs began to stiffen. It seemed as if all the rheumatic pains in the world began to assert themselves in our limbs. There



**A REAL "BLOWOUT" ALONG THE WAY.** The desert sand under the fierce glare of the noonday sun becomes superheated, greatly expanding the air in the inner tubes, and the cars are not only heavily laden but travel at high speed to cross the baked sand like thin ice

was no way of relieving the ache, and we had nothing to do but alternately nap and wake up and recross our legs. In the meantime the motors were sailing on and on through the flying dust! The cars of the convoy had to keep in touch with the "flagship." This they did by signalling—turning about every so often and communicating with headlights—"off and on." One flash of the powerful lights gave the message, "All right, go ahead." Two flashes, "trouble." Then "all's well" they answer, and on we sailed into the greenish-blue night. The convoy was in charge of Jeff, and he certainly kept a close watch over the flock of seven automobiles, which were most of the time out of sight of each other. There were no collisions.

When the hands of my watch stood at three o'clock came the "false dawn." It seemed as

though there was a light breaking through the horizon. That phenomenon of false dawn was like the day-time mirage which lures the wayfarer of the desert waste to travel on to destruction. Then came a chill feeling of awe that in the cold gray mist reminded one of Death. From three to four o'clock are counted the trying dark moments in the all-night vigil—the leaden minutes of the twenty-four.

At four o'clock came the first evidence of the real dawn. The appearance of that hope-inspiring morning star that shone so brightly seemed to drive away the other planets. We lost what desire we had for rest in the anticipation of the daylight of another day. The morning star outshines the others and is the unerring guide of the mariner in the morning watch.

Jeff sang out, "The hour is five!" There was a streak of the living red of the real dawn. The shiver of the morning still remained, but there was now a visible promise of the warm sunshine of another day.

At six o'clock as we crashed over the bed of a dry river of rocks and through a small canyon, we ran into a gazelle, the little deer of the desert. Looking into the large, luminous eyes of that dying creature, I understood why human eyes can have no higher tribute paid to them than to be likened to the soft, expressive eyes of the gazelle. This little deer of the desert had evidently been crippled by hunters when playing about like a fawn in the early morning as we swiftly approached. We were upon him before he was aware of our proximity—and then it was too late. We struck and tossed him several feet. When Jeff had brought the car to a stop and stood over the little animal, it looked at us with a light in its eyes that will ever haunt me. Six o'clock seemed to be a time for casualties. Not much farther on we ran into a porcupine and laid it out, happily without harm to the tires. When I was a boy, I remember one afternoon spent in extracting porcupine quills from my pet dog. I was glad Jeff did not ask me to operate on the quill-pricked tires.



**JEFF PARSONS "BOILS THE KETTLE"** and makes tea for lunch, while Mrs. Farrington helps in the preparation of the meal, and Mr. Chapple is an interested on-looker. A little gasoline, some dried camel grass, a few bits of old wooden boxes provide fuel for the fire, and an auto robe spread upon the sand serves the purpose of a table



**RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON**, suggesting the modern skyscrapers in their construction. Observe the perfect symmetry of every brick, how straight the walls still stand after the passing of long centuries of time, and the exact angles of the corners of the buildings, showing that the workmen of ancient times were consummate masters of their craft

Seven o'clock brought the reality of bacon and breakfast time. I sat on the running-board with a steaming tin can full of coffee in one hand and a tin plate containing canned sausages in the other. A Persian melon that looked like a pumpkin was offered to the lone American, who, they thought, would insist on having fruit for breakfast. It was a grill-room morning feast far away from the Waldorf. We huddled close to the cheerful fire, loathe to leave. But Jeff had his time schedule to follow and insisted that we must "jump in and click the doors." He was the sheik in supreme command of the "sailing caravan"—as the natives called it—which required grit and "sand" to annihilate distance over the trackless waste.

At eight o'clock the sun was rising in regal splendor, warming up the cold sands and bidding defiance to the waning light of the crescent moon. The heat began to grow more intense. Far in the distance were mirages—the strange phenomena of prairie lands. Rivers and groves of trees were clearly and definitely visioned in the distance. One of the party in the back seat got excited and implored Jeff not to go so fast: "You are sure to run into that lake and drown us all." One withering glance from Jeff was enough to check any more driving from the rear seat.

At nine o'clock the bulb in the thermometer under the tonneau roof was climbing higher. We were just a little more tired. If we could only stop for a wee wink, but Jeff was adamant—the engine must make the distance in so many revolutions. There was a speck in the distance. It grew larger and larger, like a ship coming up on the horizon. At last we made out a motor caravan coming from the opposite direction. When the dust-covered flotillas of motor cars meet, brakes are set for a hello! The brief pause gave us a chance to stretch our legs in a stroll on the "sandy beach."

One young man with a camera come over and handed me his card—like a wide-awake American traveling man. It was C. W. C. Davis.

"We're like ships that pass in the night. I want a picture of the only fat man I have ever seen in the desert."

He laughed as we shook hands. "Do you want to take my picture?" I guilelessly asked.

He snapped us in a second. We said "hail" and "farewell" in ten minutes, but in that time an acquaintance crystallized. There were only two handclaps and one good look into each other's eyes—and now we call each other "friends." He was returning from Portsmouth, England, to service in the East. Our letters now have the ring of old-time acquaintance, which was begun in the snap of a camera shutter ne'er forgot.

It scarcely seemed as if we had stopped when Jeff looked at his watch. "Must push on," he said, and that meant "go."

"Ten o'clock," my neighbor in the rear chanted in a short while. The seats were getting harder, and now we understood why we were advised to bring air cushions as well as blankets for a trip across the desert. Unable to find a new place for my legs, my feet were always in the way, so I hung them out over the door, propped up like a gout patient.

At eleven o'clock old Sol was working full time. The heat was coming down with almost equatorial directness. Pitilessly he continued to shoot his rays. While the canopy was impregnable, the "burning sands" made me long for a rope and camel's milk. Amid hot winds the motor car sped along like a thing alive and I put on my Shrine "fez" and said "Islam" quick. Memories of the "hot times" at Mecca Temple ceremonial in New York were cool and refreshing in comparison.

To rest my weary anatomy I changed cars at this junction, seating myself beside Jerry Nairn, one of the Nairn brothers, who came to Palestine from Australia. They blazed the first transport trail and made the desert safe for democrats like myself. A treaty with the sheiks roving the land made it unnecessary to go armed and pos-

sible to proceed unharmed in a district where many were "held up" for a round ransom before the Nairn boys and the Union Jack appeared upon the scene. The Nairn Transport Company is the result of the Nairn brothers' pioneer days in the Orient, following their service in the war.

Then came the blow-out. Jeff remarked to me, "Well, you're a real mascot!" It went off like a 75-centimeter gun. The barrage that followed seemed to blow out everything in the horizon of the tire circle. Jeff swore soothingly and stripped for action, leaving on his abbreviated aviator pantalets.

During the interval one of the passengers brought out a tiny "Peter Pan" phonograph. The wailing minor refrain of "What'll We Do" rang out on the desert air. How Irving Berlin would have enjoyed this far-away cry of his popular song served as canned music in the desert! Out in the heat of the sun there was a million of the stickiest and most sociable flies in creation buzzing around. They pestered with more familiarity than mosquitoes at a Sunday-school picnic in Jersey. It seemed as if it took hours to put on that new wheel, though in reality it was less than twenty minutes. When we were beginning to enjoy the music, Jeff interrupted, "This is no time for music," and he blew his Gabriel horn, after signalling "all right" to the other wanderers of the convoy following behind.

Twelve o'clock high noon—and high temperature—I watched the dial of my timepiece, expecting every second to hear the staccato report of another exploding tire as a call to lunch, but I was disappointed. Silence brooded like a "beef steak" spirit over midday's hungry hour. Jeff said this was a "no stop" mail express, and the requests to eat seemed to only resound hot air echoes from afar.

In the distance was the mound marking the boundary between Iraq and Syria. It appeared not far away, but Jerry said it was many, many miles away off on the direct trail to Aleppo. For centuries past the patient, slow-moving camels have trod this path on the way to the countries that lie beyond, where a few days of time was never counted much in the span of life.

At one o'clock came a slight waning of the sun's heat. There was not a factory whistle—not a sound of any kind to call from refreshment to labor and break the monotony—we just bumped onward and the springs seemed to get tired.

At two o'clock Jeff stopped short, rubbed his stomach and said, "Let's have a dish of tea." Them was welcome words! It was rather early for our lunch, but we were trying to consolidate meal hours in order to save time. In a few minutes we sat down to another cup of steaming tea and a bit of biscuit, sandwiches with tomatoes—and chicken. We finished off with some of the desert's delicious, tiny apples. Oriental apples never grow large or red. They are small and green, full of juice that quenches the thirst. I think I chewed those apples longer than camels usually chew their cud. Then, American fashion, I tried chewing gum to allay thirst.

Three o'clock, in the zenith of the mid-afternoon, we seemed to be traveling the rocky road to Dublin. The air felt fetid and dead as we jolted over waddies and deep gullies. The motor caravan was equal to all obstacles. As Jeff opened her up and let her go, that Cadillac fairly hurtled the small gulches left by the torrential streams that poured from the mountains in spring freshets.



Here and there we came upon the wreck of an automobile stripped of all parts, or the skeleton of a camel or donkey—gruesome reminders of the casualties of the desert. The white air furrow lines we followed were provided for the use of aviators, who, in following the line are able to give location in event of a crash in the desert. Otherwise, the rescuers would have to search over hundreds of square miles of desert land. ■

I gulped some more water. H<sub>2</sub>O is precious in the desert. At some airport stations the same water used in shaving is utilized to help out the bath supply, and in some cases is again filtered in stone bottles and used for drinking purposes.

Something of modernism has crept in even here. At the air post station, aviators with helmets and abbreviated khaki trousers were "tuning up" their engines and getting their machines ready for a flight over the desert, as casually as if they were planning a Sunday excursion to Atlantic City.

Nearby was an Arab graveyard in the desert from whence came a gruesome, nerve-racking sound of lamentation. There the women of that little place in the desert had gone to spend the afternoon waiting for their dead—just as the faithful do in Jerusalem.

At four o'clock we petitioned Jeff for a rest and terrapin soup, but there was nothing doing. He claimed we were a little behind our schedule. Four is the restless hour, when you begin to think of dinner, and the English put the teakettle on to boil.

"Five o'clock," Jeff sang out. It seemed impossible. It seemed as though we had spent ages in the desert, and yet it was only twenty hours since we had started.

Six o'clock, and I began to lose count. We were on the home stretch, but there was no stretching of legs. For more than a day we had been sitting in a cramped position as the machines cut off miles and miles of decimated space according to the map, but it seemed as if we would never reach Damascus. Refreshing it was to just feel a large area of dry farming land, watered only once a year by rain, fortified by irrigation ditches, and see the Lebanon Mountains in the far distance.



**C**CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT FELUTAH, over the Tigris River. Over this unstable, swaying roadbed of loose planks laid across stringers supported by the pontoons, the automobiles rattled merrily. Literally it is a "bridge of boats"

The children of Israel are said to have spent forty years in the desert. How they existed I don't know, but it will be observed that ever since there has never been a rush for homesteads on these parched reservations. Nothing seems to bring one closer to God and humanity out in the open—even a short stay in the desert. These endless plains of sand have a strange lure—a fascination—a something that cannot be explained, possessing even the charm of a paradise in some ways meeting the relentless craving for change that comes to mankind.

In the far distance were the olive trees which guided us along the river, where we met groups of donkeys and camel caravans on their way "somewhere across the desert." They were making an early evening start, bent on doing as much traveling during the cool of the night as possible.

Far on the rim of the horizon was the skyline of Damascus, the oldest inhabited city in the world. With its river Barrades, its minarets and turreted towers and lofty Mt. Hermon in the distance, it is called the one great oasis city of the world. No wonder they call it the "Gateway to Paradise." What a haven it seemed to us as we strained our eyes to make out every detail. Thrilled with expectation as the automobile chugged toward Damascus, an explosion broke the silence. Jeff looked out over the side and swore out: "Blow out, I'm blown." Off came the extra wheel in the rear. The delay allowed the other cars to catch up with and pass us, and we had to bite their dust for a while. But Jeff knew more about the place than the other drivers.

He veered about to the right. Then the seven machines began to scatter playfully and disport themselves over the wide flat area as we made the home stretch to Damascus.

Late that night as the stars began to twinkle in preparation for another night on the desert, the tiny electric bulbs shed their radiance upon us in old Damascus where the Apostle Paul "saw the light." The Arab dance halls were going full blast, with the familiar "Hoochy Koochy" arias of the Streets of Cairo. Pushing through the teeming mass of people scurrying along in the dark shadows of the buildings, Jeff dashed up to the door of the old hotel with a hearty hello! honk! honk! How good it seemed to even climb three flights to the entrance of that hotel, Grand Victoria—a haven of rest—and find there a clean room and plenty of water waiting the dusty pilgrims!

Here we were at last in Damascus on the river Barrades after thirty eventful hours, during which human nature bared its soul to God in its hopelessness, realizing how puny is man alone with the Infinite; how utterly dependent he is on the mercy of the God of all Nature and human nature. Without water, without air, without all the mercies given us by the Creator of earth and heaven, human lives would soon ebb away into desert sands of time, symbolized in the waste of the desert we had crossed.

We are on the borderline of the Holy Land.



**L**EAVING THE DESERT by the bridge leading to Ramadie in the ruins. One of Germany's greatest ambitions before the war was making possible a trip by the desert route from Beirut to Baghdad—only eight or nine days from London—at a much less cost than the old sea route. The bridge is solidly built over a subsidiary of the Euphrates, but its parapet has been hacked away in places



# The President's Private Secretary

*Difficult and delicate position demands exceptional ability, wide knowledge of world affairs, experience in dealing with all sorts of people, acquaintance with diplomatic usage, and insight into insular and international problems*

IF knowledge of the vast ramifications of the legislative and executive branches of the government makes for the efficiency and capability of the man to whom the intricacies of public office is intrusted, then it must follow in line that Edward Tracy Clark, the very accommodating private secretary to President Coolidge, is eminently fitted for such responsibility as he is daily called upon to perform, for in the realm of international affairs he has had the tutoring of a master who, during his service, was known throughout the civilized world; in insular and immigration problems he has seen and heard counsel of equal eminence, and in legal and corporation affairs in the private walks of life he has had experience which might fit the most thorough for the duties which he is now engaged upon for the public. If it be Oriental problems he is called upon to decide, or give advice upon, he had his long service as clerk of the United States Senate Committee on insular affairs when the Philippines issue was dominant in American politics; if it be immigration, which has vexed governments for centuries, he was connected with that committee of the United States Senate when the problem loomed just when the United States was entering the World War; if it be the problem of the rights of private property, he was connected with one of the large corporations with industries in many parts of his country, when this question was most agitated immediately at the close of the World War; if it be the daily questions respecting legislation before Congress, he had his service there as Secretary to the Vice-President of the United States when the ponderous problems of reconstruction from the World War were threshed out and laws moulded for the conduct of the government in relations to them; if it be problems of politics, he has seen service through two strenuous national campaigns and seen his banner float victoriously at their close. Always satisfied on his home territory and glad to see his nation the foremost, he has mastered the problems with which he has to deal here, and has never sought inspiration in foreign climes. In the executive offices his counsel and advice is sought and gained by those who have trying obstacles to surmount. A stream of callers each day is to be met and their story heard and advice given as his routine of duty. Office seekers lay their claims before him; politicians gain his advice about campaigns; powerful men in the industrial world implore his aid in presenting their cause to the government moguls, and members of great governmental bureaus and agencies present their worries to his care. All find welcome and are sent forth happy in the knowledge that their case will be properly attended to.

EDWARD TRACY CLARK is forty-five years old. He was born in January, 1880, at Kingston, New York, son of Rev. Isaac Clark, and during his early years he had the advantage of a Christian education. He was but two years of

age when his father was called to a pastorate in Northampton, Massachusetts, where for years he preached at the Congregational Church. Calvin Coolidge, a young lawyer, later became one of the parishioners there. After attending the public schools and equipping himself, he entered Amherst College, where he had been preceded by Calvin Coolidge and Frank W. Stearns, of both of whom he learned, and whom he came to know. From this college he graduated with the degree of A. B. and at the top of his class in 1900. His family had made the friendship of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and upon graduation with such promising prospects he received a call to Washington as assistant clerk to the new committee on the Philippines. This United States possession had been the paramount issue in the national campaign of 1900, when Bryan opposed McKinley for the second time, and both parties were divided on the question. Lodge, with his party, had advocated the retention of the Occidental Archipelago. Mr.

Clark had not been with the committee long until he was intrusted with its clerkship, and in this office much of the real work of the committee devolved upon him, for Senator Lodge, who sought to become chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, directed his studies in that line. It was a "religious" policy of Senator Lodge never to travel abroad at the public expense, and he required the same discretion among all who were connected with his offices. Senator Lodge never visited the Philippines, nor did Mr. Clark. The Philippine question was much before Congress and was the bone of much contention in politics. Bills were presented in Congress, hearings were to be arranged and conducted by the committee; voluminous reports had to be compiled and printed and the bills kept in order. Clark did his work with accuracy and speed, so that when the Democrats came into power in Congress he was transferred to the Immigration Committee, where he had further experience under the able statesmanship of Senator Lodge. In these he gained knowledge that fitted him for the duties which he has subsequently been called upon to perform.



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EDWARD TRACY CLARK, Private Secretary to President Coolidge, functions as a convenient compendium of knowledge, an indexed reference library, a peripatetic guide book to all the known countries, including Scandinavia, a social register, an animate "Who's Who," and a final arbitry upon what not to do—and why not. Easy, doubtless when you know how—but takes some knowing

IN 1918 Mr. Clark resigned from the committee to accept a call to the legal staff of the widely-known traction and electric power and light company of Stone & Webster, of Boston, operating enterprises in many parts of the country, especially in the south and southwest. He had studied law in the night law school of George Washington University while connected with Senator Lodge and had received a degree. He was in the practice of this profession when the campaign came in 1920. He had married Miss Henrietta Ketchley, of Massachusetts, in 1914 and had resolved to make his home in the Old Bay State, but he became immensely interested in the campaign for his early friend, Calvin Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, was put forward in the National Convention for the nomination for President of the United States. He fought for Coolidge in the state campaign and before the convention, and when Coolidge was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with Warren G. Harding, Mr. Clark received a call from Coolidge to become his private secretary. Mr. Clark fits into the work because of his long experience and training under the tutelage of Senator Lodge. He knew politics in Massachusetts and in the nation, and he knew the intricacies of the operation of the government at Washington.

Coolidge's election opened the way back to the capitol for Clark, and after the election he began his arrangements for taking up his work in the government again. During the Vice-Presidential incumbency of Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Clark handled his broader duties of secretary to the Vice-President with becoming knowledge of his affairs and to the credit of the great office which he was called upon to fill. Many were the

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# Face to Face with Celebrities

*Flashlight glimpses of those outstanding personalities in business, politics, literature, science, art, music and the drama who serve as milestones in human progress to mark the advancement of the world*

**P**ROMOTION to executive position is an evolution demonstrating the necessity of early, rugged training in some business, calling for leadership. Poor boys, struggling in the beginning, but devoted to their work, find their rewards today just as in the story books of old.

A Scotch immigrant boy arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, many years ago and walked into the American Express Office, announcing that his name was Robert. He had the burr of Bobby Burn's "ain" country. When he signed his name, Robert E. M. Cowie, the agent smiled and asked him if he could not release an initial or two if he got a "short" job. The young Scotch boy did not appreciate the joke, and thriftily clinging to his three initials, he made a name in his forty years second to none in the organization.

Robert E. M. Cowie, the office boy who cleaned the windows and cuspidors, is now the executive head of the American Railway Express Company, covering 265,000 miles of railroad, with 28,500 offices in all parts of the United States. He applied for the job of porter, but was too small physically and was given the position of office boy—he was big enough for that.

"From the first day that I worked for the American Railway Express Company in Cleve-



**ROBERT E. M. COWIE** says: "Hard work is the only sure-fire process in working for promotion."

land, and it does not seem so long ago, I have never had time to watch the clock, for I have been so absorbed in my work. I would rather measure my career by the jobs I have undertaken and finished in the right way—than by the years on the payroll."

His dark eyes twinkled behind his glasses as he smiled and continued, folding his napkin carefully:

"Hard work is the only sure-fire process in working for promotion. For forty years I have never missed a working day except when on a vacation. Working nights was never drudgery to me when it was necessary to complete work on schedule time. I was nineteen when I married. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I had to work hard, for I became thoroughly domesticated and had little inclination to drift about."

"The greatest problem of the express service has always been to meet the violent fluctuation in the volume of traffic. The American people do not place shipments very far ahead."

Mr. Cowie has always kept in close touch with the personnel of the great institution, and his broad-minded administrative genius and human sympathies made him the logical successor of the late George C. Taylor.

Youthful in appearance, he is at an age when he can utilize the results of his mature experiences. A fluent public speaker, Mr. Cowie's talks are of popular interest—and he radios his discussion on the aeroplane express service now in contemplation. Deeply interested in aerial transportation, Mr. Cowie feels that in the near future airplanes will be used exclusively in the transportation of express, offering sufficient financial returns to justify the running of planes on regular schedules between the principal cities of the country. A plane was recently secured to carry express matter from New York to Chicago. While it did not prove altogether profitable, it indicated the future day when express matter will be dispatched through the air. It is a far cry from the original pony express across the plains on to the great American Express Company service of today, under direction of the Scotch boy with a three-barrelled name, and still on to the dispatching of bundles through the air in planes at a greater pace than birds in their flight—but it will come—Cowie says it will.

A

## Frank A. Munsey, Another Man from Maine Who Made Good

**I**N the dim light of a kerosene lamp of a telegraph office "down east" in the State of Maine, a young red-headed lad was permitted to practice with the key. After he had finished talking to himself in dots and dashes, a newspaper office in the same building gave the young operator a sniff of benzine and fired his ambition to some day write a book and be a publisher. The printed page was more alluring than the written telegraph message that had to be delivered in those days by leg power.

While Frank Andrew Munsey was born at Mercer, Maine, in 1854, he did not go to New York until he was twenty-eight years of age, with plans matured for publishing the *Golden Argosy*, a juvenile weekly which later developed into the *Argosy*, one of the oldest story magazines in the country.

As a clerk in a country store, young Munsey could "do up" a dollar's worth of sugar and make the package hit the scales at the 20-pound mark every time, but candling eggs and mixing farmers' butter in the cellar did not appeal to him.

There were many tribulations in those early days, but if young Munsey had one characteristic, it was courage. Conceiving the idea of



**FRANK A. MUNSEY** says: "The purely juvenile publication is an illusion. American boys and girls insist upon growing up quickly and require adult reading at an early age."

*Munsey's Weekly* in 1891, he later converted it into *Munsey's Magazine*, one of the original ten-cent magazines, which worked out the pioneer problem of building up the newsstand sales for popular magazines.

Then came the curve of lower cost production. He had established the Mohican chain of grocery stores to utilize his early experience in a country store, and moved his plant to New London. Then he moved it back again, for Munsey is always on the move. He found that groceries and publishing did not mix.

Launching into the newspaper field with intrepid courage, buying, building up and consolidating papers, making some editors and extinguishing others, Munsey has always been driving ahead with a very definite message to the public.

In his early days he wrote stories—short stories and long stories, and in his own work indicated what he wanted in a magazine. He has never married, which, in these days, is looked upon almost as a distinction, and for many years he has been one of New York's desirable "eligibles"—rivaling Sir Thomas Lipton in Great Britain.



He counts his first story, "Afloat in a Great City," published in 1887, as his first great literary success, although he was not quite sure whether his enterprises were all afloat at that time. Two years later, "Under Fire" appeared, and in 1894 his real novel, "Derringforth," was published.

Munsey has a mind of his own, and he knows how to keep his fingers on the key in every undertaking with which he is associated.

Whether at a banquet, appearing in a blazing front, in his office, or summer home "Garondah," Elizabethtown, New York, Frank Munsey is always the same—a distinctive individuality that projects far and near with his ideas and impressions.

In the earlier days I have seen him opening the mail and looking for the beautiful blue papers (money orders) or stray cash and coin that would help on the payroll. I dined with him when youthful magazine ambitions were surging in my breast, and still find him the same kindly soul as of old, but he does not want anyone to know about it.

"The purely juvenile publication is an illusion. American boys and girls insist upon growing up quickly and require adult reading at an early age," he said, and in a reminiscent mood added:

"Horatio Alger, Jr., was one of the most human men I have ever known."

Another "Man from Maine" who has been able to build up a fortune by knowing when to do things and when not to do things and balance up the conclusion on the side to the good—that is Frank Munsey.

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#### Theodore E. Burton Has Served Seven Terms as Congressman

A NOBLE old Roman in a helmet-like derby hat appeared often at the White House during the pre-convention days. It was Senator Theodore Elijah Burton of Ohio, now a member of the 68th Congress—from Cleveland. When the time and place for holding the 1924 convention



THEODORE E. BURTON says: "There is more satisfaction to me in holding public office than in serving a private business. I would rather do something for others—not for myself."

was being considered, Burton's hat was on the rack.

The Congressional Directory reveals the fact in all his biographies "unmarried." He may not have all the distinguished degrees of matrimony, but he seems to have every other degree accorded

to mortal man and has served on more commissions, national and international, than any other Ohio statesman.

Although born in a town called Jefferson, Ohio, in 1851, young Ted Burton soon blossomed into a rampant Republican. Before he graduated from Oberlin College in 1873 and began to pile up college degrees, he was stumping for Grant and was a devout follower of Senator Sherman—author of the Sherman law. He also graduated from Dartmouth and New York University—previous to his being wedded to a public career.

Practising law in Ohio is only another name for practising politics—and in 1888 Theodore Burton was elected to Congress and soon had a seat in the inner circle at Washington and served seven successive terms. As Chairman of the Waterways Committee, and several times in charge of gigantic River and Harbors appropriations, he proved equal to big tasks and able to say "No!" He resigned as Congressman when elected United States Senator from Ohio and returned to Washington as a Senator. Afterward he again returned to his first love, the House of Representatives. Like John Quincy Adams who, after his retirement from the Presidency, became a member of Congress, his purpose seemed to be expressed in the historic sentiment, "I want to be in the body closest to the people."

In 1916 Theodore Burton was given the unanimous vote of the State of Ohio as Republican nominee for President. His service abroad in the Interparliamentary Union and other important commissions has given him a full-rounded public career.

"There is more satisfaction to me in holding public office than in serving a private business—perhaps it is because I have been at it so long, but the feeling comes that if I would rather do something—it is for others—and not for myself."

Senator Burton tried banking in New York for a time, but drifted back into political life before long.

"The supreme satisfaction of this year is to see the Republican National Convention in session in my own home town—for the purpose of nominating a President."

A tall sturdy man with blue eyes, a heavy voice, and the earnestness of a young bridegroom, Senator Theodore E. Burton is an outstanding figure in the Republican National Convention city in 1924—with a straw hat supplanting the historic derby.

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#### Myron T. Herrick, America's Ambassador to France

SERVING a reappointment as Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick has established a precedent not known since Benjamin Franklin made his triumphant return to Paris. Crowned with honors during his previous term in the critical days of the beginning of the European war blaze Myron T. Herrick is now serving his second period as Ambassador. As chairman of the American commission for devastated France he has enhanced even his previous popularity.

Myron T. Herrick was born in Huntington, Ohio, in 1854, and was a student at Oberlin. The Ohio Wesleyan University, as well as many other universities in the United States, and the University of Nancy, France, have bestowed degrees upon him. It was in 1878 that he hung

out his shingle as Attorney-at-Law, and the smiling face of the young lawyer was welcome to his clients. As secretary and treasurer of the Society of Savings in 1886, he made financial history for this institution which became notable. An intimate friend of the late President McKinley and President Warren G. Harding, his public career has covered eventful years in history. Six times he was elected delegate to the National Republican Convention, and like a true Ohioan he has played his part in the making of Presidents. Several times he has sought to farm and raise cattle—but ever comes the call back to political service.

Myron T. Herrick was elected Governor of Ohio on the ticket with Harding as Lieutenant-Governor. He has served as President of the American Bankers' Association and is the Chairman of the Board of the Union Carbide and Carbon Company. He has made every day of his busy life a busy day. His absorbing theme on almost every occasion is our country's relationship with France.

"France will ever grow flowers enough to honor the memory of our boys who sleep in their



MYRON T. HERRICK says: "The advancement of the world in Democracy in the past ten years is without a parallel. We are on the threshold of a golden era of Peace."

blankets overseas under the circle of Stars and Stripes. We begin to realize that they have not died in vain."

"The advancement of the world in Democracy in the past ten years is without a parallel. The vote granted to women in Europe from Turkey to Spain and to Finland is significant. We are on the threshold of a golden era of Peace."

Ambassador Herrick wears his honors and years easily. With a real imperial mustache and curly hair, streaked with gray, and a smile that never fails, he is the true type of a popular and efficient American Ambassador.

He purchased the embassy in Paris for the United States, and not only saved money for his country with his natural business foresight, but has provided the American Embassy with a home that befits the traditional and cordial relations that have continued in force since the time of Lafayette and Rochambeau.

"In my work in France I have found nothing more helpful than to read and re-read the experiences of Benjamin Franklin in France, when he established our early diplomatic relations there and won fame for his dreams of a nation in the New World."

### Signor Gigli, the Foremost Tenor of the World

THE round mellow tones of Gigli were never more golden than on the night he sang at the home of Dr. John A. Harriss, in New York, before sailing for Italy. A party of friends had gathered in a log house, built within a mansion on Riverside Drive, to bid him adieu. He sang as I have never heard a man sing before. There is no comparison for Gigli's voice, it is simply and completely Gigli. In the duet he could not resist acting with his whole soul and spirit. He would close his eyes and the tones, now soft and liquid, now strong and vigorous, seemed to vibrate with every human emotion.

Attired in a cowboy suit, with spurs and kerchief, as he appeared in that cabin hung with hides, furs and trophies of the hunt, he was the antithesis of Bill Hart let loose. Gigli was a real American that night, although he was born at Recanati, Italy, on the shores of the historic Adriatic Sea. This same town was also the birthplace of Leo Pardi, the famous poet of the nineteenth century.

From earliest boyhood, Gigli was singing to the sea and dreaming of the day when his voice would wing above the roar of the surf.

At an early age Gigli went to Rome with the thought of becoming a great singer, and made his debut in 1915 in the opera "Gioconda." He sang in Monte Carlo as a scholar, but was unable to fulfill his dream of coming to America at that time.

A big, good-natured boy and intensely popular among his associates Gigli has none of the fabled erratic temperament. Always cordial and wholesome, his ambition is to be a good Gigli.

In the Russian opera, "Andrea Chenier," by Giorando, Gigli portrays the tragic role of the



**SIGNOR GIGLI** says: "American people seem to appreciate music for music's sake, rather than attending it only with critical ears."

poet in the French Revolution. This last night, when he had finished, there were tears in the eyes of the audience, for he seemed to run the gamut and plumb the depths of human emotion.

Of a sturdy build, with dark eyes, Gigli is a pleasing personality at all times. In a singing duet he is apparently as much interested in those singing with him as he is in his own work, and it is no wonder that other artists count it a privilege to sing with the young tenor whose very soul is wrapped up in his art, for at the age of thirty Gigli has been pronounced the greatest tenor of the world.

A real citizen of New York, Gigli takes a lively interest in public and civic affairs and enjoys his friends.

"My greatest thought in singing is to have others feel the same emotions that I am feeling, conveying in tones what others may express in words."

Gigli has improved in his acting until he promises some day to rival Chaliapin in that blend of singer and actor in one individual.

"I feel so free to sing in America. People here seem to appreciate music for music's sake, and respond to the feeling of music, rather than attending it only with critical ears."

This is why so many foreign artists are ready to forswear allegiance to their native lands—they feel that in America they find the homeland sentiment mingled with that magical amalgamation of human elements—the new race we call America.

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### Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University for Forty Years

**CHARLES W. ELIOT**—the grand old man of Harvard, President Emeritus—no, he is America's grand old man—the first citizen of the nation, whose ninetieth birthday emphasized his great leadership of youth, and the development of American character. President of Harvard for forty years, he became its head when he was thirty-five years of age.

Great interest in the college was inherited through the fact that his father was its treasurer. In 1909 when he retired as President of Harvard he was given a purse of \$150,000. President Taft offered him the post of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

With Boston as a birthplace he was a true New Englander. As a boy he read the novels of Scott and Dickens, showing his early inclination to dig deep into the classics. In his school days Eliot was captain of the Harvard crew. In his studies he specialized in science, and in 1854 became a teacher of mathematics at Harvard. The four years following the Civil War he spent in Europe, where he majored in the study of chemistry. Upon his return he accepted a professorship in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

An opportunity came to him to go into business. A Lowell mill made him an offer at the princely salary—and it was a princely sum at that time—of five thousand dollars a year, to become superintendent of their plant. This was the cross-roads of his early life. He hesitated, and later accepted the presidency of Harvard University.

He was revolutionary. He brought in new blood and raised the standards. Though criticized for his liberal ideas of education and the "elective system" which he instituted, Charles Eliot refounded and recreated Harvard University. He increased the number of students from one thousand to five thousand. He placed the university on a strong financial basis, trebling its income. He became recognized as the spokesman of American universities.

Dr. Eliot lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on a street called Fresh Pond Parkway. He is today the same strong personality, mellowed perhaps with years, if possible more tolerant, certainly just as open-minded as ever. He is alert mentally, is enthusiastic and optimistic. He possesses that same masterful, aristocratic bearing which often gives way to a keen humor. He is vivid, exact, and even snappy in his manner, cordially sympathetic and courteous. He is



**PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT** says: "A young man should choose the work in life in which he finds joy." "Go to church, keep a clean heart and a good conscience."

always actuated by the highest of motives. Someone remarked of him: "He is a human Puritan."

Doctor Eliot says: "A young man should choose the work in life in which he finds joy."

Like most great men he is a good listener, though when the occasion arrives he says what he thinks. His advice on how to live long is: "Go to church; keep a clean heart and good conscience; exercise your mind as well as your body—really think; exercise regularly; eat in moderation; take a full allowance of sleep; avoid indulgence in luxuries and the habitual use of any drug whatsoever—not only alcohol, but tobacco, tea and coffee."

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### Al Jolson, Whose Songs Have Broken Records on Phonograph Sales

**A FEW** minutes before the night performance Al Jolson was chatting with friends on the Broadway curb telling them of his experiences in motion pictures that day, and he was gathering "stop-press" events for that night.

"I love to get something new and come close to my audience and sing and talk to them as I would at home," said Al Jolson as he left his dressing room for the "flying bridge" in front of the footlights.

Later his rich voice filled the house with "Bombo" arias, but the charm of his personality predominated. Perspiring freely he sang and chatted as if he were glad to see the old friends in front.

Coming off stage and pulling off his wig for a few minutes' breathing spell he continued, "There is nothing like a little song to reach the hearts of people. Audiences enjoy the fun with me, but I cannot reach them altogether until I begin singing."

Little Asa Yoelson, son of a Jewish cantor in Washington, D. C., played truant from the home in which his father sought to restrict his childish education and started out to study real life around the railroad yards and the wharves. A self-made child of the streets, little Asa was endowed with a remarkable voice that his father had cultivated.

When Wilton Lackaye came to the Capitol with "Children of the Ghetto" and needed some street children as supers in the production he found Al Jolson, for Al Jolson and Asa Yoelson are two names for one very interesting man.



After the first plunge Jolson and his brother Harry sang in restaurants and followed street carnivals until the Spanish-American War. Jolson wanted to enlist and they told him he was too young, but he became the singer mascot for a regiment where he entertained the soldiers.

The Walter L. Main circus, in which he was a concert performer was his field. He sold papers and sang in the back rooms of saloons in Baltimore. Father Yoelson had detectives searching for him and he was caught in Baltimore and taken home, but he escaped again, and joined a burlesque company. While he was playing in a little Brooklyn theatre on small time a Poli



**AL JOLSON** says: "It is a thrill to get up close to an audience and sing to them, as you would at home around your own piano."

circuit man recognized his talent. He became a black-face comedian and made a hit from the start.

A long line of successes followed leading to the installation in his own theatre in "Bombo."

"How do you manage to keep your jokes so fresh night after night?"

"Thinking of my audience all day long, using my eyes and wondering what they would like to have me talk about that night. I mention everything that comes to my mind. Henry Ward Beecher said, 'Always speak that which is uppermost in your mind to your audience,' and I am willing to follow Henry."

This little bundle of nerves can command all the dignity of a Senator in his native Washington. He has sparkling dark eyes and a family of children that dote on their jolly little daddy.

Al Jolson is a whole show in himself. There is a chorus, scenery, and a plot that no one understands, but they count only as background, because after all it is only "an evening with Al Jolson," that the audiences seek.

"What pleases you most in your work?"

"When I feel that the audience is all with me ready to laugh or cry, to shout or do anything that the impulse of the moment inspires—it thrills me. Often after a strenuous two or three hours on the stage I am loathe to say good-night—for people are 'just folks' after all."

The audience lingers after Al Jolson has finished and they slowly leave the theatre humming his songs that signal the old society page phrase, "And all present had an enjoyable evening."

### Bernard Mannes Baruch, a War-Time Power in Democratic Party

**DURING** the World War there was one name that represented high authority in the Wilsonian administration. Bernard Mannes Baruch of New York City, as a member of the Advisory Committee of National Defense, and Chairman of the Committee on Raw Materials on the War Industries Board, had an authority not surpassed by any one man, excepting the President of the United States. As Chairman of the War Industries Board, in that eventful year of 1918, he made a study of essentials and non-essentials—an opportunity rarely given one man.

A man with prematurely gray hair, devoted to his white-haired mother, Bernard Baruch is a familiar figure in New York City where he was born in 1869. For many years a member of the New York Stock Exchange he later became a well known figure in Washington during the war.

When Barney Baruch decided a matter in those days it was about the last word, for he was one of the close advisors of the late President Woodrow Wilson. Being a member of the Conference on Capital and Labor and various other organizations to study agricultural conditions led him to write many articles and pamphlets on the problems of the farmer. Naturally he will be conspicuous in the re-union at Madison Square Garden of the Democrats identified with the war administration, who still have hopes of being recalled to office.

Barney Baruch has often expressed his desire to alleviate the desperate condition of the farmer. He had made many trips through the West and South, living on farms, ranches and plantations in order to get first hand information. His experiences as a member of the New York Stock Exchange, he has felt worth while to utilize for the benefit of the farmer.

"The farm problem is a question of marketing. There is nothing that resembles equity in the present operations of selling the farmer's products."

The father of Barney Baruch was a surgeon in the Confederate Army. When Barney Baruch secured his A.B. from the College of the City of New York, in 1889, he was encouraged by his father to make a study of politics.

Level-headed, Barney Baruch is counted an influence wherever Democrats gather, and his association with the American Commission to negotiate peace and the drafting of the economic section makes him a leader in determining the democratic policy on foreign market relations. In the gathering of the old war-guard, faithful and true, to launch another Democratic campaign, the man who participated in the two Wilson victories will be sought for counsel.

"Something tells me," he said in his calm and incisive way, "that 1924 is going to see the name and policies of Woodrow Wilson fully vindicated by the people. My judgment is that the time has come for a change back to the party that conducted the war to complete the work of readjustment."

Woodrow Wilson could always depend upon Barney Baruch of New York, who in a way supplanted Col. E. M. House, "the silent," while the latter was abroad during the war.

"The renewal of acquaintance among those who served during the stirring period of the war will crystallize into an aggressive organization to make a campaign that will assure a victory in 1924," and Mr. Baruch contemplatively continued looking over a list of names and checking up the tried and true.



**BERNARD BARUCH** says: "Something tells me that 1924 is going to see the name and policies of Woodrow Wilson fully vindicated by the people."

Hospitality honors are rigorous during the days when the Democrats feel that they will recapture New York and wipe out the sad memories of the avalanche of a million majority for Harding in the presidential campaign of 1920.

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### Dr. Francis H. Rowley, the Friend of Millions of Dumb Animals

**NOW** comes what seems like a cruel edict, sweeping the horses from the streets—the good, old faithful Dobbin gives way to the dread juggernaut of the automobile. The passing of horses brings to mind the work of the late George T. Angell and the establishment of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If dumb animals could speak, how the memory of Mr. Angell would be praised and revered.

The work of the "Society of the Long Name" is now being carried on by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, of Boston, who besides being president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is also president of the American Humane Education Society, and the Parent American Band of Mercy. Having radiated kindness ever since the day of his birth, Dr. Rowley is the logical man to serve as the head of these nationally known Humane Societies.

On a warm July day in 1854 in Hilton, New York, Dr. Rowley started his career. The son of a country doctor, he graduated from the University of Rochester in 1875, and the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1878. He held successful pastorates in Baptist churches of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois. While pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston he was called to this larger field and resigned to take up the duties as president of the American Humane Education Society.

Throughout his life Dr. Rowley has been intensely interested in humane work, especially in connection with the Children's Friend Society of Boston. An earnest and eloquent advocate for kindness, he has found great opportunity for the exercise of his philanthropic principles in carrying on the great work inaugurated by his friend, Dr. George T. Angell. The M. S. P. C. A. is an institution of wide importance with a building and hospital equipment for animals in Boston that is not surpassed anywhere in the world. As many as 1,650 cases are cared for and 375 operations performed within a single month.

Vacations for about forty horses are provided every week at the Nevins Rest and Boarding Farm for Horses at Methuen. Here the animals are pensioned and enjoy their old age.

When Dr. Rowley secured the passage of the



**DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY** says: "We cannot teach children too early the value of kindness to dumb animals."

first law in the Massachusetts Legislature authorizing the erection of memorial tablets to animals in the Capitol building, and giving the M. S. P. C. A. the right to be present and investigate all places where animals are slaughtered or delivered for transportation, he started a great crusade for humane legislation.

Dr. Rowley has probably accomplished more in the extension of kindness to animals than any other individual in this country. In 1918 he founded the Jack London Club, in which three hundred thousand members have pledged their influence against that phase of cruelty to animals which consists in a forced training for performing on the stage.

Thirteen foreign correspondent representatives are in touch with his office, carrying on the educative work in far distant lands, extending from South American countries to Madeira, Turkey, Japan, and in fact all parts of the world.

Leaflets by the millions are distributed day by day, and that old classic, "Black Beauty" is preserved and reprinted for future generations to obtain a glimpse of what the dear old horses were to the previous generations—faithful and loyal companions.

Our childhood pets—dogs, cats, birds, every living animal that cannot speak, has a friend in the Court of Public Opinion in the person of Dr. Rowley, who in his office gave me a parting word:

"We cannot teach children too early the value of kindness to dumb animals. It is easy to teach children kindness, for it is a natural trait with them."

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#### Senator Tom Taggart Political Leader of the Hoosier State

**THE** outstanding veteran "Boss" of the old days at Democratic Conventions in New York, who has held his own longer in naming candidates than any other man is Senator Tom Taggart of Indiana. He has handed V. P. nominations on a platter, and has had much to do with determining Presidential candidates. More than once he has cast the deciding vote.

A Hoosier of Hoosiers, although born in County Monaghan, Ireland, in 1865, Senator Tom Taggart has made his mark in political history despite the fact that he does not live in Ohio, but in Indiana, a State which entirely surrounds French Lick Springs, a popular rendezvous for golf-playing politicians.

Politics with Tom Taggart is an avocation; it is his hobby and joy. When he moved from Xenia, Ohio, to Garrett, Illinois, and then on to Indianapolis he touched all angles of tri-border State politics without a letter of instructions. Elected Auditor of Marion County in 1886, he soon became Democratic State Chairman and was elected Mayor of Indianapolis for three terms. In 1904 he was chairman of the Democratic National Committee and has been one of the prominent leaders in the Democratic inner circle ever since. Serving a term as United States Senator from Indiana, he was not as happy in Washington as in his own bailiwick directing affairs in Indiana and incidentally watching the entire field of national politics.

One of the most popular and high class of the so-called "Bosses," Tom Taggart's friendships are real and he spends his own time and money to help his friends without hope or fear of reward. A philosopher, he loves politics as other men do



**SENATOR TOM TAGGART** says: "The tired business man is the man that needs to be awakened to political activities."

baseball and golf. An ardent and personal friend of Senator Ralston, the favorite son candidate of Indiana, he had plans that were not widely published prior to the opening of the Democratic Convention. He talks little for publication, but can give more comprehensive directions and indications of what he would like in fewer words than any other leader.

"I like to get the political judgment of men away from their business and home town. They seem to make a clearer analysis of what is needed and seem to know better what they really want. Politics is just as necessary in our form of government as practising law—for law is, after all, the product of politics, of some sort or other."

In his realm at French Lick Springs, Tom Taggart holds sway not only over Indiana, but over a large area of the country where there is a semblance of permanent and effective Democratic party organization.

An organization man to the backbone, he does

not attempt to disguise it. The conference held at French Lick between Tom Taggart and the late Boss Murphy of New York may yet play an important part in the coming campaign. The two-thirds rule in the Democratic Convention requiring the successful candidate to secure 66⅔ per cent of all the votes cast, makes it a real contest of strength and a final endorsement that requires foresight and ability—that Tom Taggart understands.

The fact that several carloads of salts are used at French Lick Springs is an indication that Tom Taggart believes in old-fashioned remedies in connection with the mud baths and spring water—blended with rest and discussion of politics, giving a new zest to the tired business man.

"The tired business man is the man that needs to be awakened to political activities," said Tom Taggart commenting on the continuous and dominant subject of conversation in the Amen corner of the Hoosier State.

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#### Oscar Tschirky, Master Maitre d'Hotel at the Waldorf

**HOTELS** may come and hotels may go, but "Oscar of the Waldorf" goes on forever.

When a little rosy-cheeked lad arrived at Castle Gardens from Europe some years ago, he was asked his name. "Oscar," he replied. When asked for his family name, he again replied "Oscar, they always call me Oscar in the family." He did not speak much English, but insisted he was content to make the name stand for something. He had a pair of keen observing black



**OSCAR TSCHIRKY** says: "To me there is a picture to be made in the seating of guests."

eyes, and within an hour after he had left Castle Garden he had found a job, and was soon known as a young man who knew how to prepare and serve food. He was engaged as steward in the yacht of a prominent man, and soon proved more than a steward, he was a master in serving dinners. This soon led to the place where the best dinners were given. Mention the Waldorf-Astoria, known the world over, and one includes "Oscar."

The right-hand man of Proprietor Boldt, Oscar became omnipresent at the Waldorf. Now in the dining room seeing that waiters are carrying out every promise on the menus and his detailed instructions about serving the food, or now in the corridors greeting guests or in the kitchen, Oscar is always there. Whether it is



a wedding, a State banquet—joy or sorrow, Oscar, the sympathetic soul, is around.

When three thousand people are dining at the Waldorf, Oscar is at the head of the line directing the procession of waiters like a field-marshal. For over a third of a century he has maintained this individuality of his work. When Presidents, Kings, Queens, Aces or Royal Flushes arrive, Oscar is there first.

Oscar is also a farmer, and knows the virtue of fresh milk, eggs and vegetables. His farm on the Hudson is a pastoral Waldorf in itself. At a barbecue held in the Catskills where there was a jam Oscar was at the head of the line seeing that the ox was conveyed in toothsome morsels from the smouldering ashes to the plates of the guests like "Chicken a la King."

Decorations are awarded for military, literary, business and professional achievement—why not recognize that the men who know how to feed people as well as those who furnish mental pabulum are equally deserving of high honors?

Innate geniality shines in the smiling face of Oscar, and his hands have the deftness of a woman in supplying home comforts for the wayfaring guest. This boy, born in Austria, typifies the American ideal of hospitality.

The family name of Oscar is Tschirky, but that is a mere incident now, for he has made the name "Oscar" world famous as an American. His career illustrates how much a personality counts in these "impersonal times." Card-indexed and over-trained mental efficiency will not work without personnel and morale, in effective organization.

"To me there is a picture to be made in the seating of guests. A dining room is a setting that must be arranged with artistic care by studying effects, as a stage manager studies effects for grouping his casts in impressive tableaux. Many things enter into the feeling of harmony in the dining room that may not occur to guests, but are constantly on our minds. To us there is something as gratifying in making guests happy as though we were hosts entertaining friends at our own home."

There you have the magic key of Oscar's success as the pre-eminent Maitre d'Hotel of the world.

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#### Senator "Pat" Harrison, the "Keynoter" of the Democratic Convention

PEOPLE will insist upon calling him "Pat" Harrison, despite his well-earned Senatorial honors and regardless of the fact that he was named Byron Patton Harrison. His birth date is given as August, 1881, and the place of his birth as recorded is Crystal Springs, Mississippi.

In the '80's and on to the early '90's, young "Pat" Harrison was making things lively for the citizens of his native town. Graduating at the High School, the class horoscope had him booked as a famous big-league baseball player and later a possibility as a member of the legislature. He early aspired to wear a white necktie and a frock coat.

Attending the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, he made the usual beginning of a public career by teaching school and practising law. Elected District Attorney in 1905, he soon proved an attractive candidate for Congress. Arriving in Washington as a member of the sixty-second Congress, he continued to succeed himself for three terms, and was finally elected, in 1919, to wear the toga of Senator John Sharpe Williams, with whom he had been closely associated as a member of Congress.

A sense of humor, lively tongue and an all-around ability soon made Pat Harrison a leader on the Democratic side. He has a way of asking annoying questions of Republican colleagues, and is always aggressive. A forceful speaker, with the flame of Southern eloquence, he was selected as the "keynoter" at Madison Square Gardens because Pat usually finds the right key. A sturdy, well-formed, husky individual, with a manner of one who is not altogether happy unless there is a fight in progress—Pat Harrison pitches a wicked ball.

While his name may suggest the fiery oratory of the Patrick Henry type, his training in the House and the Senate has enabled him to under-



SENATOR PAT HARRISON says: "I have three tickets for the Democratic Convention, and I have one hundred applications; if I have any left over, I have promised to look after them in the order received."

stand what will "go over." Pat has already become an institution in Mississippi, a popular speaker on the national lecture platform, and has established a reputation far beyond the mere distinction of being a United States Senator.

In Washington when it was announced that Pat Harrison was to speak at Madison Square Gardens it was agreed that the young Southern Senator with his ringing voice and sharp shafts would appeal to the enthusiastic and hopeful Democratic delegates.

A strong debater and advisor—the other side watches him with both eyes. Beginning his public career as a school teacher, he understands how to say it with words that are not misunderstood.

Many a political opponent he has strapped across the barrel and given a thrashing in the good old schoolmaster fashion. He thoroughly enjoys the privileges of a minority Senator and he remains on the Senate floor early and late to keep the Republicans from nodding.

The one name proposed—"Pat" Harrison—seemed to harmonize all the thirty-three candidates, another proof that Pat plays good ball on the political diamond. Pat has a real secretary in Mr. Eugene Fly, and what Mr. Fly does not know about all the families and voters in Mississippi, Senator Pat could easily supply.

The bulk of Senator Harrison's correspondence during the past month has been concerning tickets for the convention, and his reply to friends is characteristic.

"I have been given three tickets for the Convention, and I have a hundred applications; if I have any left over, I have promised to look after them in the order received."

It doesn't seem likely that Senator Pat Harrison will be able to pack Madison Square Gardens with the admiring friends who have requested tickets. As usual, Senator Pat depends upon himself.

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#### Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, the Famous Orator-Author-Senator

THE man who made famous the statue of Chief Justice John Marshall, standing before the Capitol at Washington, is ex-Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, born on the border of Adams and Highland counties in the State of Ohio, in October of 1862. The family soon after moved to Illinois. The lad of twelve started his industrial development by plowing corn; two years later he was working on the railroad, and at fifteen was a full-fledged teamster. In the meantime he kept himself busy studying to enter High School. That was only the beginning, for his objective was the De Pauw University, where he secured his degree.

Reading law in the good, old-fashioned way, young Beveridge was admitted to the bar in 1887, and in that early day began his research into the life and work of the greatest Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Beveridge was one of the youngest lawyers to become associated in important cases. In college he was recognized as a born orator and took an active part in the Republican campaign before he was of voting age. Elected Senator in 1899, before he was forty years of age, he was one of the youngest men chosen United States Senator.

Senator Beveridge has established a literary reputation in his monumental work of the "Life



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE says: "An intelligent reading of the Bible is the basis of successful speaking as well as writing."

of John Marshall." A prominent contributor to magazines and periodicals, he has a large and enthusiastic following of admirers all over the country. His literary work is filled with philosophical observations, the outgrowth of many hard-fought political battles. This work naturally followed his early success as an orator.

A member of the American Bar Association, he has written much that brings his profession closer to the people. His chronicles of the "Life

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# Thompson of the Shipping Board

*Well-known Southern editor and publisher wages long and determined fight to re-establish the American flag upon the seas. Believes government must operate commercial shipping*

UNLESS there is government operation of American flagships, there will be no American flag upon the seas in commercial pursuits" is the positive declaration of Frederick Ingate Thompson, member of the United States Shipping Board, thus epitomizing his policy for establishing again in ocean shipping the supremacy enjoyed by this country nearly a century ago. In the administration of three Presidents—Wilson, Harding and Coolidge—Mr. Thompson has carried this slogan and the enthusiasm he displays for the ascendancy of the American Merchant Marine in competition with the nations of the earth for the carrying of trade and travel, has made him a prominent figure in the official realm of this country. In season and out of season, through his chain of daily newspapers and magazine he has hammered on this idea until he has wrought it in their policy so firmly that to separate them would be to divorce them from the atmosphere in which they have their being, for his journalistic career has been one continued fight for American rights and American ideals and sentiments wherever his activities have reached.

That the government of the United States must first establish American shipping before other questions relating to shipping are considered, he asserts, "for it has been shown to be impossible to transfer government ships to private ownership until successful trade routes have been established." This trade and these trade routes, he points out, are not in existence except those "American ships under private ownership in inter-coastal trade and such lines as are owned by the United States Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, and other industrial enterprises which control the product of which transportation they are engaged in." Beyond these and when the over-seas trade is entered into, American occupancy of the field is nearly void, for Mr. Thompson points out that "there are only about a dozen privately owned ships engaged in over-seas trade; yet to comply with the mandate of the ship bill of 1920, to operate ships on essential trade routes, the United States Shipping Board operates nearly three hundred vessels under the American flag. The necessity of that operation, even at a loss, is to protect the American manufacturer and farmer on their freight rates to foreign markets, thus preventing a control of transportation by ships under foreign flags. It is my firm conviction, that the loss of \$25,000,000 a year, the amount paid the Shipping Board by the government, is but a minor sum of what American consumers would pay in excess rates to foreign companies were we not engaged in this trade."

THE "fight" of Frederick Ingate Thompson, as he puts it, is to give the American flag preference in American ocean commerce. This, he points out, can be done by trade and rate preference more effectively than in any other way.

Quick in decision, impetuous in temperament, Mr. Thompson is a typical Southerner of the most refined and progressive type. In the newspaper field he is regarded as a master of the art; as a magazine publisher and publicity agency director his interpretation of the country's wants and needs has been accompanied with success in his own business. As a shrewd and honest spokesman in politics and public affairs his course and action have proven his judgment. In the councils of his party, the Democratic party, during the most recent campaign, his voice and counsel was raised against some of the folly that entered into the discussions that muddled the issues and alienated many of the voters, yet he supported the will of the majority, expressed in the convention, with the utmost of his resources. In this convention he was a delegate from his early adopted State—Alabama—and to the convention in Baltimore in 1912, supporting Oscar Underwood, when Woodrow Wilson received his first nomination for President.



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FREDERICK INGATE THOMPSON, a member of the United States Shipping Board, has devoted his chain of daily newspapers to spreading the gospel of American supremacy in the shipping world. "Unless there's government operation of American flagships, there will be no American flag upon the seas in commercial pursuits," he warns the country

The career of Frederick Ingate Thompson has been a unique one in many respects and shows the folly of attempts to divert the determined youth from the natural bent of his nature in a course that absorbs his attention and satisfies his ambitions. He was born in Aberdeen, Mississippi, a town so small you can scarcely find it on the map. His father was a leading figure in the town, being owner and publisher of *The Aberdeen Weekly*. In the print shop "Fred" received his early tutoring and sometimes his "tanning," and could sleep in the waste paper or collect the monthly bills on the news route without stopping to play marbles or jack-rock. He attended the public school and worked with his father, who had aspirations beyond the little publishing plant for his son.

WHEN young Thompson had finished the high school of Aberdeen his father sent him to the University of Mississippi and entered him in the law course. He looked it over and sat in for a few times, and then packed up his belongings and returned to Aberdeen to convince his father that the print shop was the place for him. Being placed in charge, he succeeded from the start, taking to his natural bent as young ducks take to the water. As he grew to manhood and his visions grew, the little paper had attracted outside attention and his big publisher uncle in Memphis, A. H. Crawford, called him to that city as editor of the *Weekly Commercial Appeal*. This branch of the publication was just merging and the field was one that was not inviting for a weekly. But Fred Thompson succeeded, and soon the *Weekly Commercial Appeal* was read all over the lower Mississippi Valley. He stuck to his office and was frugal and soon had means enough to embark upon a business of his own. He left the *Commercial Appeal* in 1902. He had been its editor since 1897. He was then twenty-seven years of age, for he was born in Aberdeen September 29, 1875, the son of Edward P. and Laura (Cox) Thompson. He was seventeen years old when he took charge of *The Aberdeen Weekly* in 1892 and conducted it until 1895.

Two years before leaving Memphis he married Adrianna Ingate, of Mobile, Alabama. In 1902 he became junior member of the firm of Smith and Thompson, newspaper representatives in New York and Chicago, and continued in this connection until 1908, when his thoughts and desires turned back to the Southland and he became chief owner and publisher of the *Mobile Daily and Sunday Register* in 1909. This newspaper had its rebirth with its purchase by its new owner. He installed complete press services and his own state news service and its growth was phenomenal. To this he gave his chief attention until 1916, when he became the chief owner and publisher of *The Mobile News Item*. In 1922 he acquired *The Montgomery Journal* and *The Birmingham Daily and Sunday Age-Herald*.

With these he set about to organize his own



state news service and install double leased wires leading to the state capital and to each of his plants. In this same year he became vice-president of the Stuyvesant Company, of New York, publishers of *Town and Country* magazine. He is also interested in other publications. He is a director of the Associated Press—to him, he says, the most important office he ever held. From his apartment in Washington he writes his chief editorials and directs his able manager. He has been able to draw from Mr. Hearst one of his brightest men, Buford Goodwin, as manager of his publications.

Mr. Thompson takes great interest in the local affairs of his home state. In 1919 he was appointed a member of the Alabama Educational Commission. He was appointed a member of the United States Shipping Board by President Wilson in 1920, but the United States Senate did not confirm the appointment before the Congress died. However, he assumed the office under an *ad interim* appointment by President Harding when he came into office and when the appointment went back to the Senate it was readily confirmed. When this term expired in 1923 he was renominated as the Democratic member of the Board by President Coolidge and was again confirmed by the Senate.

Through this agency Mr. Thompson has given the country the best of service and thought of which he is capable. He is honest and fearless and has ever in mind the best interests of the

people from whose government he draws his salary and whom he was appointed to office to serve. His life is his creed; his creed is his policy in government. Of the results of the last election, in one of his spread editorials he says: "It is unfortunate, but not irrevocable, that the forces of progress should have been divided in the campaign just closed. As it was, reactionism was driven in upon itself and placed upon the defensive. The time will soon be at hand when the rural South, the agricultural West and the rank and file of the North shall perceive their commonality of interest and shall merge their strength into one united force for Democracy, equality and honesty in government."

IN his party and its principles he has an abiding faith that both will triumph, for in this same editorial he says: "Democracy will always produce leaders fit to lead and will draw unto itself an ultimate majority, for the people cannot be against themselves." He is of the school of Thomas Jefferson and believes that the safeguard for American liberties are founded in patriotism, honesty in government, independence of thought and loftiness of ideals. For, he says, "The idealism of this people is not dead, but merely held in abeyance, stifled for a brief time by the resurgence of materialism. The longer it is held in check, the more triumphantly and irresistibly will it burst forth and free the people from the yoke of their exploiters."

In his shipping theories Mr. Thompson places his present reliance of seeing the fruits of his labors for his country's advancement in commercial supremacy among the nations of the earth. They are best set forth in his own words, as follows: "Except through the actual operation of ships at sea, there can not be control of ocean transportation rates. Regulation of rail charges is clearly domestic, and the Inter-State Commerce Commission enforces the policies established by Congress. No such control is possible on the ocean; the only regulatory influence being the operation, under the American flag, of those nations desiring to participate in the regulation of freight charges for protection of their nationals."

"It is believed that the application of Section 28 of the Commerce Act as one of the preferential features of the Merchant Marine Act, will augment greatly the tonnage moving in American flagships; will lessen the losses now entailed in American flag operation by the government; will tend to stabilize financially the operation of strategic trade routes and be helpful toward the ultimate acquisition, by private operators, of the ships at present engaged in the overseas trade."

In his work as a member of the United States Shipping Board and before committees of Congress, Mr. Thompson has urged his contentions and believes that, standing with the other members of the Board, he will finally see them adopted as the policy of Congress in legislation for this great agency of the government.

## The United States—and the World Court Continued from page 250

tion of frictions which lead to war, and a surer agency of international justice through the application of law than can be hoped for in arbitration which is influenced by the prejudices of men and the expediency of politics.

We can do vastly more to perfect it in the capacity of an adherent than in an aloofness in which we arrogate to ourselves the right to say to the world we dictate but never comply. I would yield none of our rights, none of our nationality, but would gladly give of our influence and co-operation to move forward and upward toward world peace and that reign of justice which is infinitely more secure in the rule of national honor than in national or international force.

I have indulged the dream, nay, a justified hope, that out of the encouraged and sustained court might come the fulfillment of larger aspirations. In the proof of its utility and a spirit of concord among nations might come that voluntary conference of nations out of which could be expected a clarified and codified international law to further assure peace under the law, and bring nations that understanding which is ever the first and best guarantor of peace.

Secretary of State Hughes' opinion was:

It is not too much to say that there will be no World Court if this Court cannot be made one, and whether or not it is to be in the fullest sense a World Court depends upon our own action.

And Mr. Root has asked us, as a nation:

Can it be that the people of the United States do not care whether or not anything is done to make it possible to outlaw war?

President Coolidge has repeatedly urged adherence to the Court on the basis of the Harding-Hughes conditions, which provide that the United States should adhere to the Court without being involved in any legal relation to the League of Nations by so doing; that we should pay a fair share of the expenses; that we should participate in the election of the judges; and that the statute of the Court should not be amended without our consent.

For some reason not understandable to the man in the street, the whole question of our attitude as a nation toward the World Court has been kicked around in the Senate of the United States like some stray dog. At the moment we stand no nearer a decision as to whether we will get in or stay out than we did on February 27, 1923, when President Harding sent his first message on the subject to the Senate in which he pointed out that while the United States was a competent suitor in the Court by virtue of a provision in its statute making it open not only to nations who are members of the League of Nations, but also to the other nations who were signatories to the treaty of peace, but

that relation is not sufficient for a nation long committed to the peaceful settlement of international controversies. Indeed, our Nation had a conspicuous place in the advocacy of such an agency of peace and international adjustment, and our deliberate public opinion of today is overwhelmingly in favor of our full participation, and the attending obligations of maintenance and furtherance of its prestige. It is for this reason that I am now asking for the consent of the Senate to our adhesion to the protocol.

Seemingly Mr. Harding misinterpreted public opinion at that time, or else the 67th and 68th Congresses deliberately flouted it.

The whole question stands at an impasse now, in consequence of the Committee on Foreign Relations having made on May 26th, 1924, a favorable report on Senator Pepper's resolution (Senate Resolution 234, introduced on May 22d), which, while purporting to accept the Harding-Hughes proposal, in reality made our adherence to the protocol conditional on a number of very great changes in the Statute of the Court.

To quote the words of Senator Swanson:

If the majority of the committee deliberately desired to defeat the recommendations of Presidents Harding and Coolidge and Secretary Hughes they

could not have found more effective means of doing so than by reporting favorably the proposed Pepper plan. This will precipitate long discussion and delay.

The short session of the 68th Congress now in action will close on March 4th. Whether anything decisive will be accomplished in the short time remaining is problematical—but doubtful. The 69th Congress will not come into being until December, and many of its members were elected last November, so that doubtless the whole question will have to be thrashed out again. It seems entirely probable at this moment, therefore, that three years at least will have been taken to answer "yes" or "no" to this simple question.

Whatever our ultimate answer may be, after that unconscionable length of time, the moral effect of our decision is sure to be greatly discounted. The laggard has no place in love or war or business—he is barely tolerated in diplomacy. It is not without the bounds of possibility that by the time we have made up what we are pleased to call our mind, if we should eventually decide to throw in our lot with the other forty-seven varieties, we might find ourselves *persona non grata*, as it were.

On the other hand, should we decide after somewhat mature (not to say ancient) consideration to remain aloof, it is not inconceivable that some rude, rough reasoner, not posted in the finer shades of diplomatic procedure, might jump hastily to the conclusion that if the World Court had managed to stub along for three years without the blessing of our benign presence, probably it could continue indefinitely to do so.

To our feeble intellect, not used to grappling with the major problems of statescraft, it would appear that if we flipped a cent—heads we do, tails we don't—and let our decision rest upon the fall of that humble coin, that decision would be as sound as any we are likely to arrive at by our present method of procedure.

# The Way of the Inventor is Hard

*Sometimes it requires many years to reap the reward of an important invention—as witness the long court struggle of the inventor of the gasoline rock drill*

**M**R. JOHN VIRTUE RICE, JR., inventor, engineer, and manufacturer, is prominently known in Philadelphia and New York, particularly the former city, having spent his life in that locality, and living at various times, not only in Philadelphia, but in Wilmington, Trenton, Edgewater Park, Chester, and Bordentown, in which latter town he now resides. His social and business connections in those places, as well as throughout many other parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York have been of the highest order. He is widely acquainted throughout the country and in Canada, as well as on the other side of the water.

Mr. Rice from early childhood exhibited the highest type of inventive genius, though his father was an eminent and skilled lawyer. No problem in mechanics, physics, electricity, steam or other department of engineering was too difficult or abstruse for him to tackle. He solved them with ease by reason of his keen inventive insight, and he suggested novel remedies for all sorts of mechanical difficulties. Very early in life he began to make useful inventions and procure patents upon them. His first patent was granted when he was only eighteen years of age, and it was promptly licensed on a royalty. An anecdote tells of his hurried appearance in Washington one morning, when he routed out his attorney before breakfast, with instructions to instantly file a patent and let him start back to Philadelphia on the next train. Another story tells of how he repeatedly ran his experimental shop all night, night after night, staying on duty constantly with his men until he dropped from sheer exhaustion, but determined to carry his experiments through to success. These nocturnal labors with unmuffled gas engines with extremely loud explosions did not always entertain the neighbors. Personal danger moreover was never thought of. At one time he was caught in the machinery and would have been crushed to death, but for his cool head and his quick demand to his assistant to cut off the power. As it was, he was so badly injured, being pressed nearly flat, that the Philadelphia papers prematurely announced his death. His iron will, and indefatigable and untiring energy, carried him over many a hard place, and conquered many a stupendous obstacle, whether in mechanics, shop operation or finance; and a constant vision of success inspired him to take many a chance and risk that more timid characters would refuse. His resourcefulness was never better shown than once when caught in London with depleted funds on the eve of the sailing of his steamer for home, and unable to get prompt cable replies, he sought assistance from an unknown (to him) financial magnate who was so impressed by the young man that he helped out in the emergency.

Mr. Rice is now in middle life, but his whole life has been spent in making, perfecting, and developing one important invention after another.



**JOHN VIRTUE RICE**, inventor and engineer, received the first of his several hundred patents when only 18 years old. He is the inventor of the gasoline rock drill, being the pioneer in the idea of applying the effect of the explosions of gas on the working piston of an engine to operate a drill

While his genius and tastes have led him into the fields of steam, electricity, thermo-dynamics, hydraulics, and special mechanical appliances of many kinds, in which he has scored notable success, yet in explosive engines of the hydrocarbon type, or unknown combustion engines, he has secured some of his greatest triumphs; and in this line he conceived one of his most important inventions, known as the gasoline rock drill. In this he was the pioneer. He was the first to conceive the idea of applying the effect of gaseous explosions to the actuation of the free piston of an engine for driving a rock drill or other drilling or percussion machine. This was a brilliant original conception of extraordinary merit and has been followed by a lot of imitators, who have tried to copy the Rice idea, but have failed through the inferiority of their mechanism. Mr. Rice expeditiously filed his application for letters patent, but before it could be issued an interference was declared, and the Rice application was thrown into a controversy with contending applicants, and a long legal battle was on. The case lasted for several years. Every legal artifice that shrewd lawyers, backed by plenty of money could devise, was employed against Mr. Rice. An array of talent chosen from several cities, some of them employed by

the year, waged one of the bitterest priority fights ever known in the Patent Office. But Mr. Rice won decision after decision in all the different tribunals of the Patent Office, and finally on appeal to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia a judgment was rendered overwhelmingly in his favor, and a patent was ordered to issue to him. Such patent was of the broadest possible character, and sustained the pioneer inventorship of Mr. Rice of a gasoline rock drill.

But in this long struggle, during which Mr. Rice was held out of the enjoyment and fruit of his rights, great expenses were necessarily incurred by him, and the business development of the gasoline drill was retarded; but with unequalled energy and an ardor that never admitted defeat, the same Rice who was victorious in the Patent Office and the Court proceeded in every possible way to exploit and manufacture his drill. But even now, after the lapse of so many years, and after the expiration of the original patent, and the consequent necessity of asking Congress to extend this patent, as he is now doing, the efforts to market the drill on a remunerative commercial basis have not been successful enough to realize any profits to himself and friends for all his great labors and expenditures. It is a modest estimate to say that fully half a million dollars has been spent by and on behalf of Mr. Rice on this invention, during these years, and during this entire period he has given substantially his whole thought and time to the drill enterprise, excepting such time as he has needed for his other inventions, many of which have been in the same or parallel lines with the drill. It is not unusual for the patent on a great invention to run its course before the commercial form and value are recognized to the public. So in this case, unless Congress gives Mr. Rice a few more years in which to reap his reward, his loss will be very great and a worthy inventor will suffer serious injustice.

In the important Congress of inventors and manufacturers held in Washington in April, 1891, to celebrate the beginning of the second century of the American Patent system, Mr. Rice was in attendance, as one of the youngest inventors, but one of rare promise, and one who already had many achievements to his credit. His youth and enthusiastic qualities found a ready response from the talented members of that great gathering and Mr. Rice made many friends, among whom may be mentioned Dr. R. J. Gatling, inventor of the Gatling Gun, Thomas Shaw, Oberlin Smith and many others.

Mr. Rice has been a most prolific inventor and patentee. Such has been his life work. He believes thoroughly in the policy of protecting his inventions by letters-patent at home and abroad, whatever some certain other prominent inventors may say to the contrary. He always secures protection in foreign countries as well as his own and in this way has taken out several hundred patents upon his numerous inventions.



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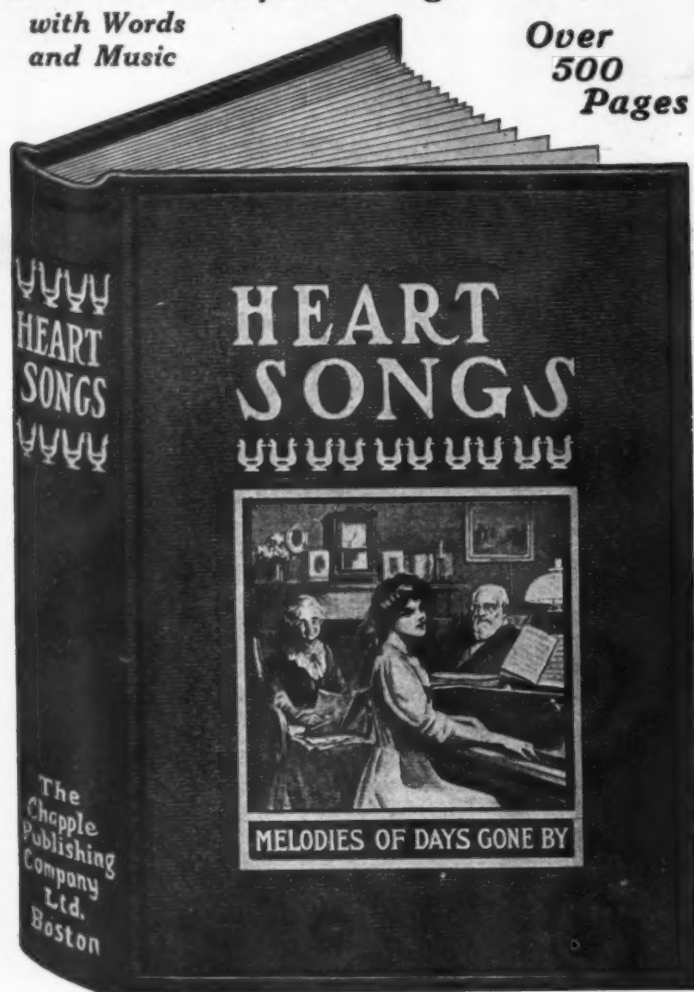
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The "Jungle Joe" effusions and kindred roundelays  
Will do to hum or whistle throughout our busy days;  
And in the garish limelight the yodelers may yell,  
And Injun songs may flourish—and all is passing well;

But when to light the heavens the shining stars return,  
And in the cottage windows the lights begin to burn,  
When parents and their children are seated by the fire,  
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When eyes are soft and shining, and hearts with love aglow,

How pleasant is the singing of songs of long ago!

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## Affairs and Folks Continued from page 255

young man, who decided then and there to become an automobile maker. He decided to purchase the Toledo factory while shaving and went without his breakfast to complete the deal. In a short time he had an army of fifteen thousand men at work building five and six hundred cars a day.

The same name that was over the door of the bicycle shop was transferred to the motor cars that are now sold the world over—the magic name of "Willys."

A quiet man, with premature gray hair, gray eyes, soft spoken, but dynamic, John N. Willys is enthusiasm personified. A great lover of paintings and art, he enjoys leisure hours in the atmosphere of the old masters, yet keeping in touch with the new masters of trade.

There was a poetic glint in John Willys' eyes when, in his New York office, he gave me this analogy of the mechanism of an automobile to the anatomy of a human body, without fear of mixing his metaphors:

"The more I am associated with automobiles, the more I see that they are something like people.

"They are the most human machine built. The carburetor is the heart; the engine, the lungs; the lights, the eyes; the horn, the voice; the tail light is the ear listening for the bumps behind; the condition of the body is always important for comfort; the springs are the muscles; the tires are the rubber heels; the wheels are the legs; and no automobile could amount to much without a good clutch; it is as important to have brakes to stop as it is a spark plug to start; it needs lubricant for good digestion; it needs ice water to keep cool; it enjoys a fan in hot weather; it works better late at night with the full moon shining and nothing in sight; there are left-hand drives and right-hand drives, but the drive that remains most popular is the one-hand drive.

"The service of an automobile in most cases depends upon the care it receives. Men who would be very careful to feed and water their horses every morning are negligent of their automobiles. Motor cars appreciate cleanliness and care, and require it just the same as the human body."

Just then the voice of the car outside summoned us.

## The World Before Your Eyes

Continued from page 259

inventors, scientists, lawyers, surgeons and nearly every profession require them.

One of the most progressive and latest developments of the work carried on by Underwood & Underwood, in which there is little competition, is aviation photography. Its greatest and perhaps most important use now rapidly developing is that of photographic maps for engineering projects. This method requires only a fraction of the time and expense that is required to make surveys by the old-fashioned method, and has the advantage of locating every detail accurately. Hundreds of miles required for many of these projects are readily and perfectly reduced to photographic maps. There is also a considerable demand for oblique pictures made from the aeroplane of manufacturing plants, estates, schools, cities, etc.

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When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor

with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.



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photography enables photographs to be transmitted over the telephone wires for long distances in a few moments of time. While this has not come into the general use that we predict it soon will, and has not been fully perfected for quality reproduction as yet, still very satisfactory transmissions are being made. The photographs, for example, of the opening and the occurring scenes at the Republican National Convention in Cleveland were made by Underwood & Underwood for the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, transmitted to New York by wire, where they were satisfactorily reproduced by Underwood & Underwood and delivered to the newspapers for publication within an hour from the time the exposures were made in Cleveland. Such strides are being made in this that we read

that even natural color photographs are transmitted by wire from Chicago to New York, received there and reproduced in all the colors of the original, practically annihilating time and distance.

The secret of why the house of Underwood & Underwood, with its modest beginning, accomplishes much and is a world-wide known concern, is because from the time the two Underwood boys began their career in photography the house of Underwood & Underwood has ever aimed to give the very best in its line in quality and in service and no pains nor expense has been spared to increase the usefulness of its products. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that the world makes a path to that man's door who does something better than his fellows.



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## Edouard Herriot—Minister and Man

*Continued from page 260*

That Herriot is sincere in his desire to serve his country may be remarked in his action immediately after the signing of the Peace Treaty. Feeling that he could do more good in the Chamber of Deputies than in the Senate, he resigned from the latter post in order to stand as Deputy for the Department of Rhone. Upon his election in November, 1919, he became a member of the Finance Commission, and gave particular attention to the budget of the Department of Education.

It is needless to recall the political activities of M. Herriot since he had become Premier. His internal policies must be judged by the people of France themselves, although it may be said in passing that the cost of living has continued its upward trend; and that the budget continues to be a rather hard nut to crack in view of the fact that France has not only her normal budget to balance, which it could do easily enough; but also what is known as the "extraordinary budget," or that entailed by the non-payment of reparations by Germany. France has ever since the Armistice borne the brunt of this additional burden. Germany has contributed an infinitesimal sum towards the payment of the damage she had done, with the result that the French taxpayer must still dig deep into his pockets or traditional woolen stocking for the stupendous sums necessary to repair war's devastation. The exterior policy of the Herriot Government is now being combated by M. Millerand, the former President of France, whom Herriot and his party had forced into oblivion; and two forces are now at play in the country. Both are strong, forceful

and sincere. Both believe that the future of France depends wholly upon the success of their individual policies; but this much may be said in passing of M. Herriot, that if he stands forth sincerely as the advocate of general peace and compromise with such arch-criminals as Germany and the Soviet Republics have shown themselves to be, he may after all be acting for the best; and both Germany and Russia once more admitted to the family of Nations on parole may yet redeem their crimes of the past.

## The President's Private Secretary

*Continued from page 266*

problems to be handled there and the correspondence of the Vice-President is heavy. Mr. Clark had his office force of experts and when, at the death of President Harding the Vice-President was elevated to that exalted office, he had with him as private secretary a man with a life training in the line of duty he was to be called upon to perform. There arose the discussion as to what President Coolidge was to do with his private secretary, and this question was satisfactorily solved when it was announced that Mr. Clark was to continue at the White House as the private secretary to the President. He has been a valuable asset to the executive office force; he knew how to collaborate with Secretary Slep in the direction of the political problems with which they were numerous confronted, and they solved them well; so that the people ratified the administration in the election of 1924 with a flood of ballots, the like of which even amazed the administration itself.

Mr. Clark has had a hobby all his life, and that was to sail a sailboat. He has found little time

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in Washington to pursue his hobby, but occasionally he has found himself on the waters of the Potomac, a budding Sir Thomas Lipton with a challenger under his command. It was but a hobby, but it so interested some of the politically wise in Washington that the rumor soon run around that Mr. Clark was preparing to become a member of the United States Shipping Board. This he shunted, but behind the joke there was talk that he was to be offered an office in connection with the management of this great industry the government had salvaged from the war, and the suggestion received hearty approval. He is known about the White House and among the many newspaper men who frequent there or are assigned there, as "Ted Clark," and he almost always meets them with a story when he is called upon for news.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark have no children. They make their home on 16th Street, which extends due north from the centre door of the White House.

## Face to Face with Celebrities

Continued from page 272

of John Marshall" is becoming as much a part of the average law library and also public libraries as Blackstone or the Dictionary. In analyzing Marshall's crisp opinions, he says:

"Chief Justice John Marshall must have been a soldier. His opinions have in them the thump of the drum, the blast of the bugle, the tramp of marching squadrons. Nobody but a soldier could have written them."

Beveridge was chairman of the Progressive National Convention in 1912.

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Other literary works of Albert Beveridge are "The Young Man of the World," "The Invisible Government," "The Bible as Good Reading."

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When he arrived in Washington as Senator he was hailed as the Webster of the Mid-West. His speeches were carefully prepared, and he had the glowing outlook in his youth of the United States as a world power in the days that followed the Spanish-American War. Having traveled widely throughout the world, his analysis of world affairs indicates not only research, but first-hand knowledge.

Indiana Republicans are said to be about evenly divided between "those who are for Beveridge and those who are not."

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*(From Boston Evening Transcript, July 30, 1924)*

## OUR AFTER-WAR PRESIDENT

"Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President." By Joe Mitchell Chapple. Chapple Publishing Co.

The book is Mr. Chapple's own story of his trips with President Harding to Panama and Alaska. He seems to have gained an unlimited supply of anecdotes connected with the last forty years of our political history. He, consequently, unrolls the life-story of his hero, assuming that it is

based on the confidences he received while aboard the "Henderson" on the fringe of the Arctic Circle.

Mr. Chapple writes in a most unconventional way about all who ever came in touch with Warren Harding, from the grade-school chum, whom he afterward made a village postmaster, to the "sour-dough" mayor-host of Fairbanks, Alaska.

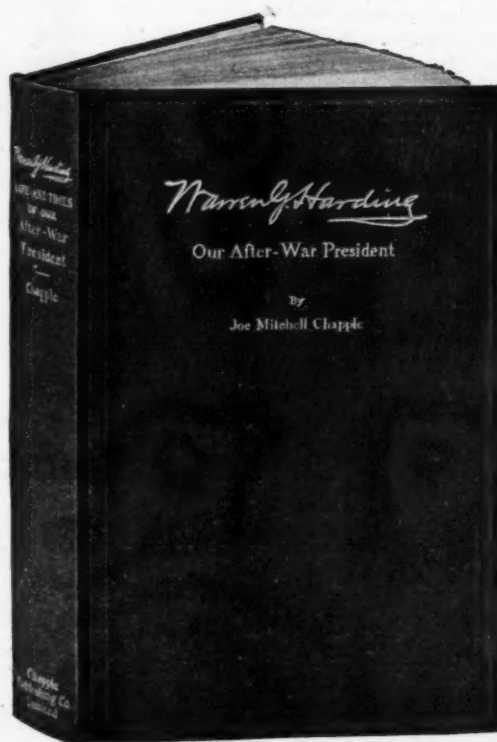
*(From Columbus Ohio State Journal)*

## A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

As the people of Ohio read Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book, the "Life and Times of Warren G. Harding, Our After-War President," they will find many familiar stories and much space given to the kindly and lovable qualities of the man. The volume contains nearly 400 pages, but it was not planned as a complete biography and history.

The author confesses it was written as a labor of love, an appreciation of the man—proof of the strong friendship that had been developed over a term of years, and a tribute from one whose heart is big and warm, to whom friendship means very much.

The book appears almost on the first anniversary of the death of the 29th president. It contains more than 100 pages of the important addresses he delivered on the tour to Alaska, and on occasions after he reached the White House, as well as the memorial address delivered by Secretary Hughes before Congress. The volume is illustrated fully.



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### Iraq—the Newest of the Nations

By THE EDITOR

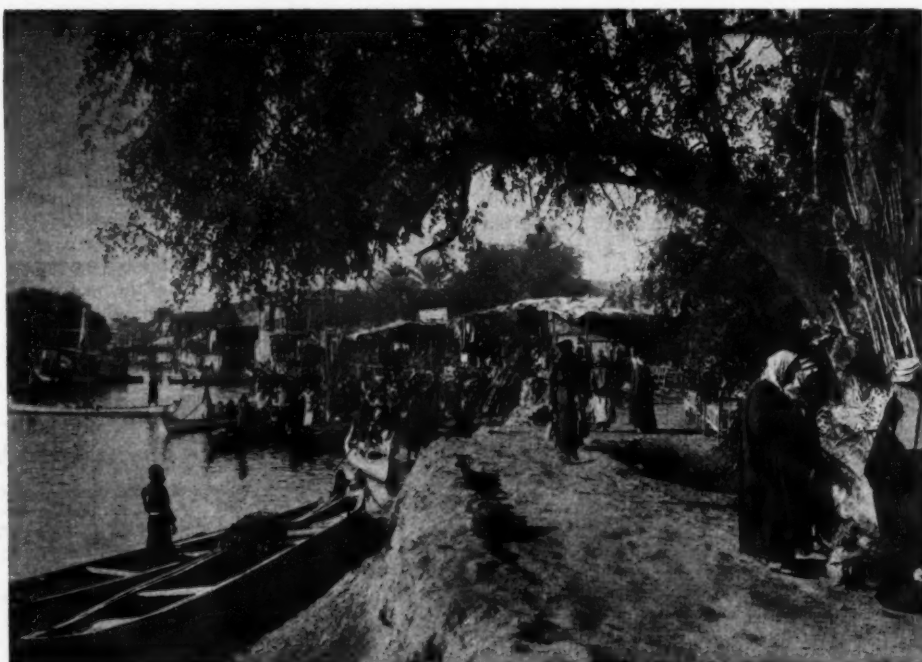
*Mr. Chapple has but lately returned from a fifteen-thousand-mile trip, by steamer, train, air-plane, automobile and camel caravan—visiting fourteen countries and four continents along the way. In this and following articles he tells the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE about his interesting experiences during his stay in the Orient.*

AFTER spending some days and nights in indulging my spirit of romance in Baghdad, I was impressed not by its glitter and glamor—but by its sordidness. Fancy had taken wings and left in its wake the grim reality of the place. I saw no longer the scenes of bygone days with all their splendor; gone were my dreams of Araby. Baghdad, the capital of Iraq, appeared to me now in its true light. I saw its squalor and tragedy, its wretchedness and filth—the East Side in New York at its worst was a Paradise Alley in comparison.

Once more I became my matter-of-fact self. Sickened by the sights that I had come so far to

see, I had a desire to leave it all behind me. I desired to be among my own kind and to hear my own language, and so I inquired where the foreigners of the city usually congregated. Happily I was invited to visit the Club on the river embankment.

Through clouds of dust we came to the Alwiyah Club. The building surmounts a high wall, necessary as the river rises almost sixty feet at the time of the annual inundation. In the center of the river is a large island that is entirely submerged during the freshets. The waters of the mountain streams come a long way, absorbing, as they flow along, the alluvial soil of



**ASHAR CREEK—FRUIT BAZAAR.** There are no department stores in the Orient—no places where as in the days of the Apostles and collects the various items for a meal from a dozen different places—and carries them home herself in a basket unless she is rich enough to have a servant, or can afford to hire a porter to accompany her





**THE GARDEN OF EDEN**, on the Tigris. Tradition points to this spot as the site of the original Garden where Eve picked the apple that has caused so much trouble in the world. There is a certain melancholy pleasure to be derived from wandering about this very ancient beauty spot and speculating upon what the world might be like now if the original flapper had not pulled such a bone

the district and feeding the green scum that gathers in the rivers at Basra, where lived Sinbad the Sailor. Here were the first cotton fields in history.

As we entered the building the crowd gathered to look at the lone American in his Soudan helmet, who had just arrived, and give him the "once over." They tried to make me feel at home and brought ice water, which is a treat in Iraq. Someone brought in an odd armchair, in which one sits with feet elevated, and I needed very little urging to sink into its comfortable depths. The formalities over, the conversation naturally turned upon the country and its products.

"We are in 'The Land of Two Rivers,' as Iraq has been poetically christened—a country created under a British mandate. That's why we British are here," said Crowthers, the banker from Basra. The new nation, he told me, includes old Mesopotamia. The work of organization was being carried on by Sir Henry Dobbs, the High Commissioner.

Mr. Davison, his legal counsellor, who was temporarily borrowed from the Soudan, was being given a farewell "ancient and honorable" dinner, which I attended. He had just completed his work and prepared a constitution which is now awaiting the final confirmation of the newly-created Iraq parliament. The new-born flag of Iraq was cheered, together with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The native Assembly adjourned on August 2d, after a declaration that Iraq is "a sovereign and independent state with rights indissoluble and inalienable." Doesn't that sound like the Declaration of Independence?

"It is a hereditary monarchy, you know," said Davison of the Soudan, "with a Senate and Assembly elected by two classes of qualified voters. The first, or secondary citizen, must be twenty years of age; the second, or primary, must be twenty-five. The people cannot be taxed either directly or indirectly without a vote of the Parlia-

ment, and when so taxed all classes must be taxed alike. Personal freedom and the right of free speech are guaranteed to all."

This was stated with the finality of the man who wrote the Constitution. The polyglot nature of the inhabitants made me wonder just which race would have the upper hand in the new government. Chief George Hawthorne of the Police Department, wearing a Victoria Cross, seemed to be a walking encyclopedia of information on the country and answered my query:

"Well," he said, "all in all, the responsibility of running the state will be pretty well divided between the different races and religions. Each district, you understand, is represented in the legislature. In the apportionment of these representatives, Baghdad comes first, and the proportion of the delegation outside of Arabs consists of two Christians and two Jews. Mosul has an allowance of two Christians and one Jew. Then come the smaller districts headed by Basrah, with its one Christian and one Jew, and so on down the line. Sort of even all around, don't you think?" he concluded.

An English officer who had crossed the desert with me now felt acquainted after the Scotch and soda, and became interested in enlightening his new-made American friend.

"Being a member of the legislature isn't so bad a job, either," he said. "Deputies—that's what

they call the members of the upper house, y' know—get a salary of five thousand rupees, and the members of the other body get four thousand. In American money that's about \$1,500. Not so bad for about six months' work, eh?"

"Religion is curiously mixed up with the politics of Iraq," another told me. "King Feisal, a brother of the King of Trans-Jordan and the King of Hedjan, was chosen as ruler because he was the nearest descendant of the prophet Mohammed."

\* \* \*

The nation's flag even calls attention to the Mohammedan faith. It consists of a triangle of red at the top, with stripes of black, white and green. The latter is the holy color of the Mohammedans, and represents the sacred city of Mecca. The people of Iraq thus revere their flag for a two-fold reason. There were three stars in the triangle of the original flag, but the new law will provide for only two.

Arabian, spoken everywhere in Iraq, is the official language. It is used in the publication of all government affairs, and a printed report of the proceedings in the Iraq parliament looks like a flock of stenographic notes let loose.

After dinner I decided to make a call on the American Consul and get another angle on the new Iraq government. He responded to the number "Central 39" with real American alacrity. That telephone was the most homelike thing I had seen for a long time. And just think, they understood English at the Baghdad exchange!

\* \* \*

The one thing that always thrills me in my world travels is the sight of an American flag, especially when floating over the residence of an American consul, for that to me is the symbol of home. In Baghdad, down the main street in a yard that was rather bleak and barren, I found an old residence where John Randolph, the American Consul, lives and conducts the business of the U. S. A. There was a courtyard inside, in which a fountain played merrily, and, of course, the inevitable high steps built for long-legged men.

As I entered, the servants were scrubbing the old stones. Even these Orientals seemed to feel the distinction of the official badge they wore. Several of them hailed me in very decent English, saying "How are the folks?" In fact, I met more people in Baghdad who understood English than I did in France. They seem to have an earnest desire to understand the language.

In the basement, under the heavy Moorish arches, John Randolph has his office. How good the orderly and systematic arrangement of the place looked! What a welcome sight were the flat-topped desks, the letter files, and typewriters! Inside that room I felt I was in America. On

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the walls were pictures of Lincoln, Washington, McKinley, Wilson, and Harding. Indeed it seemed like home when the lemonade was passed and Randolph smiling said: "Nothing more than H<sub>2</sub>O here!"

The Consul lives on the upper floor and, like the natives, is wise enough to sleep on the roof. John Randolph hails from St. Lawrence County, New York, and has been many years in the consular service in Constantinople, Egypt, and other parts of the Orient. He understands the language of these parts and he knows Iraq as well as he knows "up state."

When I told him that I was from Boston, he took me for an archaeologist.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you can't carry away any antiquities. A law has been passed in Iraq since Howard Carter made his famous King Tut discovery in Egypt."

He produced and read the new law then and there.

"No antiquity whatsoever shall be alienated by any private person without the consent of the Minister of Communications and Works, such consent to be given in the form of a special or general license."

Naturally I gave up what idea I may have had of appropriating any of the strange baked-clay tablets of Babylon. I then told the Consul of my object in coming to the land. He smiled indulgently.

"I see," he said. "We have so many intellectual appearing men from Harvard and other colleges, who come here to study the country's antiquities at close hand, that when you mentioned 'Boston,' I felt sure that you were another one of them."

"You are about the first American I've seen since Lowell Smith landed in his 'Around-the-World Flight.' You know he made Baghdad a terminal point, and was given a great reception by the English aviators who were saddened, but not embittered, by the fact that their own man had had a crash. In fact, one English officer said in my hearing, 'These lads have plucked a fair laurel to place on their rumpled heads, and have written their names on the same scroll as Vitus Bering, that stout-hearted Dane over whose cold grave among the sand-dunes of the Komandorskies they had flown.' Quite a tribute, don't you think?" he asked.

I thought of Maclaren at Akyab, Burma, with his beautiful machine a wreck and what he must have thought after that crash which shattered his hope of continuance of the British flight around the world.

"When the aviators arrived in Baghdad," he continued enthusiastically, "they were greeted by a large crowd and the old aviators hailed them as great-hearted fellow-flyers—not as rivals or opponents. They were all gallant comrades of the air. Maclaren's message, sent from Burma, where he remained with his crippled plane, was handed to them. It was brief and to the point—'Well done.'"

A kavars who entered the room drew up easy chairs. Our talk had evolved into a discussion of the new government and its problems. The consul declared that there was quite a stir in the House of Commons in London when the Anglo-Iraq treaty was discussed and the arrangement formally ratified by the Iraq Parliament.

"Great Britain has had a burdensome problem on its hands," he declared. "It cost the nation about \$25,000 to arrange a provisional administration until Iraq is on its feet. There has been some trouble with the Turks concerning the northern border, but the matter was submitted to the League of Nations. The plan now is for the British to eventually withdraw as far south as Basrah, which will be retained in defence of the navy's interests in the Anglo-Persian oil-fields, and in the interest of general trade in the Gulf, adjacent to India."

In the consulate's files, there was available at a minute's notice every fact and figure concerning the nation of Iraq. Randolph provided me with all the data which I desired immediately and was ready to explain the cold statistics in a most chatty and informal way.

"Look at that map on the wall and you will see that modern Mesopotamia is a fertile plain, seven



**ASHAR CREEK** as seen from Whiteley Bridge. A picturesque and colorful scene greets the eye of the traveler as he gazes upon this characteristic bit of the Orient. The deep-laden, clumsy boats are a survival of an ancient and obsolete design originated thousands of years before naval architecture became a science.

hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles wide, reaching from the Persian Gulf to Kindertun. There are three million people in the country, two-thirds of whom are Arabs. A large percentage of them are engaged in the raising of sheep, cattle and dates. The latter is a most important product, for of the thirty-three millions of exports, over four millions go to the United States in the form of dates.

"Baghdad, the capital, is the most important gateway to Persia, and if the irrigation project and the plans for power and water are developed, there's no telling but this area may come back to the glory of its former record for productivity."

"The history of the country dates back further than that of Egypt. Generation after generation have lived and looked upon its rich plains. Now the archaeologist is uncovering their memorials and translating the old documents, written in cuneiform characters on clay tablets. We are now getting a new light on Mesopotamian history and the days of Sannacherib, who pulled down, set fire to, and dug up root and branch of all he could find of Babylon and threw the rubbish into the river Araxes."

Referring to some papers brought to him, he continued: "Mesopotamia imports some American products. Lamps, cotton piece goods, silk goods, sugar, tobacco and a host of other things are on the list. Phonographs and typewriters are heavily taxed. There is some demand for American-made auto vehicles and in this line Henry Ford's name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest. Agricultural implements are admitted free of duty, and so one finds tractors throughout the agricultural districts. In Iraq, such tractors are sometimes classified as limousines."

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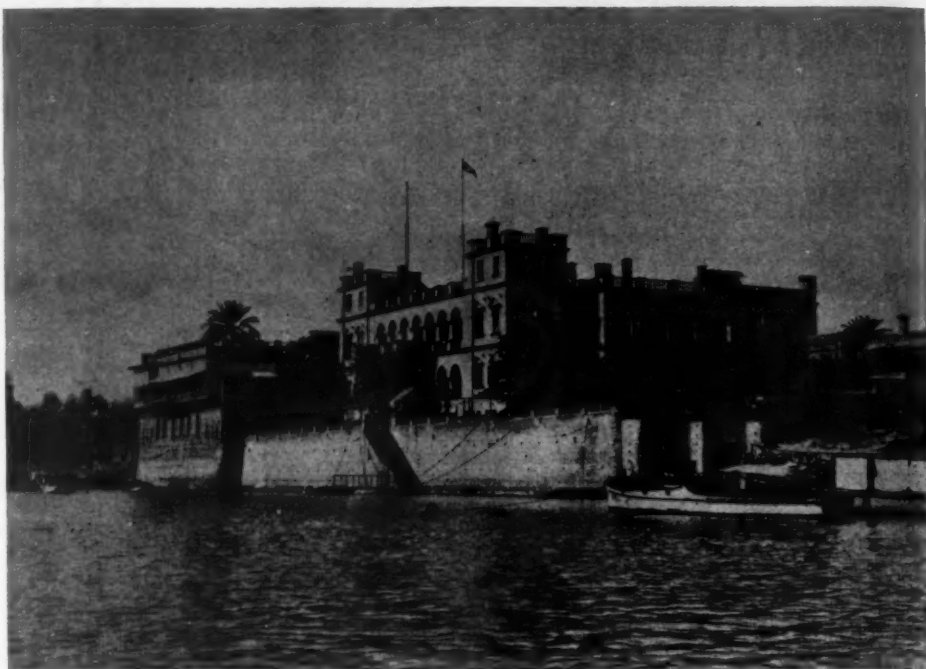
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**BRITISH RESIDENCY AT BAGHDAD**, on the bank of the Tigris River. Iraq, the youngest of the family of nations, is a kingdom created under a British mandate and includes old Mesopotamia. Under the guidance of the English experts detailed to guide the first uncertain steps of the infant nation it would seem not unlikely that this—one of the oldest countries of the world, now re-born—might throw off its age-old mantle of poverty and sloth and become a modern nation

Chatting for some time on the outlook for the future of the nation, I was informed by other guests present that King Feisal is generally considered a competent administrator. With the legislature which, by law and his oath of office he is compelled to invoke, working behind him, the prospects look rather bright. King Feisal was first offered to Syria, but France was not ready to use a King in its mandate. England has put three kings upon the throne. The first was King Hussain of Hejaz, who has an ambition to be the real Caliph; the second was King Amer-Abdulah of Trans-Jordania; the third is King Feisal of Iraq. As the Consul, in poker terms, expressed it: "Three kings and two queens—that makes a perfectly good full-house!"

Here I was, at the very birth or creation of a new government. Later, at the British residency I was shown the sample of the virgin ballots which were to be cast by these descendants of a people who occupied Chaldea, the cradle of civilization—the land from whence Abraham and his people, leading their flocks, moved westward with the first rude beginnings of culture. As I marked the ballot given me with the same red pencil with which I marked the proof of a Massachusetts primary ballot back in the U. S. A., I felt a strange emotion. My action, I thought, symbolized the union of the East and the West—the old and the new—in an electoral fellowship.

With my head fairly bulging with data, I was taken once more to the "Alwiyah Club," where they pay in pink coupons, and have picturesque garden parties on the banks of the Tigris. It was fascinating at the club to hear Al Anisah Hasiba Daoud, the daughter of a well-known Baghdad citizen, recite her arguments on "Why Women Should Be Educated in the Orient." She had the deep, dark eyes of the Levant and the piquant way in which she took a veil, folded it around her head and showed her eyes as she

was speaking, was fascinating. Her description of womankind is a new version that interested me very much:

"Allah created the world and prepared it for habitation by humanity. After he had made Adam, and placed him in the Garden of Eden, Adam must have felt lonely, having no one with whom to while away the time, to help him in his difficulties and to share his secrets. Then one day Adam fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke he saw Hawwa, the Mother of the World, lying by his side. He looked at her, and she was smiling; he talked with her, and found that she cooed most sweetly; he touched her, and she was finer and more subtle than the zephyr air.

"And then Adam rubbed his side and found that there was something missing, and he realized that Allah had created her from his rib so that she might be near his heart—not from his head, so that she should govern him, or from his feet, so that he should tread on her. There are two roads to heaven: the path of religion and the path that leads to a woman's heart."

\* \* \*

A chat with an American missionary who is stationed at Teheran, the capital of Persia, brought out the fact that the modern function of the missionary is in medical service. He was a doctor, the son of a missionary who had been forty years in the Orient. His wife and family were much interested in the rotund American. When his two little tots, born in Persia, climbed on my knee and began talking to me in Arabic, I wondered whether they were really Americans, but when they said "candy," I understood and was ready for them. They had at last found their American tongues.

In the Orient the sweets are very sweet and the lemons are very sour. When the refreshments were ordered, it was a cherry lemonade, thoroughly pink, that was served to us, and we drank a toast to the dear old U. S. A. The cherry is associated with America in Iraq because George Washington and the cherry tree is as familiar to them as the "Arabian Nights" is to American youth.

Returning to Hotel Maud, I crossed the courtyard and entered the Moorish constructed vault, with its somewhat rathskeller-like appearance, and again the sign "American Bar" stared me in the face. Planting my foot on the once familiar rail, I ordered a soda water and was again the cynosure of all eyes. Around the bar was a group of English oil-well prospectors on their way to Mohamen, the site of the Anglo-Persian oil fields, which is looked upon as one of the rich treasures secured by England through its mandate. Their talk reminded me of the days when the Glen Pool was being explored in Oklahoma, and they insisted upon a "night cap." "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon" it was not H<sub>2</sub>O this time.

In the bracing air of the next morning I made a trip to the Tomb of Zobadah, the Arab wife of Haroun-el-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame. The Haroun, it is said, was once a Christian, but later became a Moslem holy man. The tomb stands out in a veritable city of the dead, where the women every week go to wail. It is the spot most closely associated with the "Arabian Nights" in Baghdad. I took out the copy of "Arabian Nights," secured from the Government book shop, which continues the traditions of Baghdad as an intellectual center, and re-read my favorite tales.

From here I could see the broad, new thoroughfare from north to south, which the English have built, and the many modern buildings they have already started work upon. But still the ox, the camel, and the donkey have a definite right-of-

way, and maintain the picturesque scenes of centuries past. All that was lacking to complete the picture was the ancient temples.

While the temples have not survived, as they have in Egypt, the wonder is that the brick of the Arch of Ctesiphon and the Ishtar Gate at Babylon are preserved, but these great buildings were faced with glazed pottery bricks or sheet metal that formerly dazzled in the Eastern sun and have thus been able to withstand the ravages of time. Ancient Baghdad is buried in devastation hundreds of feet deep. Little remains to tell the story of the former splendor of its palaces. Babylon, with its hanging gardens and Tower of Babel, built with the impulse to reach the heavens, is now a tomb of these aspirations, but the confusion of tongues remains. Iraq has yet to tell its full story, but modern civilization insists on pushing on!

During this ramble through the outskirts of the town with Abdul-El-Hassim (or something to that effect), we came upon an old, decrepit building now used as a rendezvous by donkeys and camels. The guide's eyes brightened. In his broken English he said: "This place, just by the house what you don't see yonder, is where Omar Khayyam spent his days in Baghdad." There were the remains of another flight of giant steps. Ruined walls enclosed all that still existed of the inn which in bygone days may have served as a meeting place for the Bohemians of Baghdad, the Paris of the Orient.

Perhaps, I thought, in this very building the three famous pupils of the equally famous Imam Mowaffak of Naishapur had foregathered, reveling in the philosophic spirit which later gave to

the world the "Rubaiyat." Here Omar may have discussed each quatrain with his friends Nizam-ul-Mulk and Ben Sabbath.

The belief generally prevailed thereabouts at that time that good fortune would come to all the students of the famous teacher under whom Omar and his friends studied. This belief led to the vow made by the three young men that "On whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest and preserve no pre-eminence for himself."

It is related that when Nizam became Vizier or Administrator of the Affairs of the Sultan, his old "college friends" found him out and recalled to him their vow. One was granted his request for money and position, but Omar asked for neither title nor office. His desire was to live in some out-of-the-way corner, and from there to spread the advantages of his science and inventions, among which is said to have been a famous water clock. The poet's request was granted and he became the combined Lauriat and Edison of his time.

Great as was his fame as a scientist during his own age, he is best remembered now as the author of a little book of verse, which lovers of poetry carry about in limp leather binding, and of which at least one quatrain has been read and repeated more often, probably, than any other single verse of ancient song. Do you recognize the lines?

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

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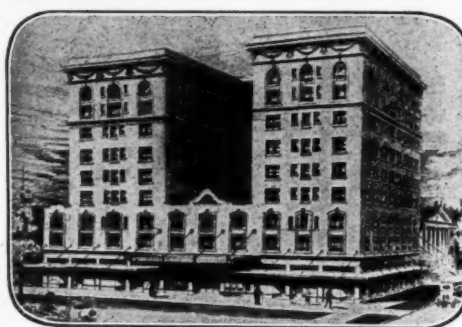
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It was a glorious Sunday morning and, thinking this an appropriate time, I sauntered out to Silversmith Row, where full-bearded merchants in long robes were remelting old silver. These Arabians are a sect who believe in John the Baptist as the Christ. They are very sober and industrious. Their engraving tools, crucibles, and tiny forges are always close at hand. For centuries they have been far-famed for their craftsmanship, but their number is gradually diminishing. They are adepts at carving the precious metals, handing down their skill from father to son.

Even there, with all the dignity of their calling, segregated as they are from the regular marts of trade, is the spirit of bargaining. All unite in practicing their salesmanship instinct on English or Americans. One stall for a time did a thriving business. The owner put up over his shop a large sign printed in English:

"One price for all. English be-spoken, Americans understood."

Many patronized him, knowing full well that his "one price" was the top price.

For some time I talked through an interpreter with the head sheik of Baghdad, Naquib, who is intense in his loyalty to Britain. A very large man in every way he was a prominent candidate for royal honors as King of Iraq but because of his not having the blood of Mohammed in his veins, King Feisal was chosen to wear the crown and continue the royal line of the Prophet.

A venerable looking man, a landed proprietor and well educated, when I saw him he remarked to me with a smile deep in his eyes:

"After all, Naquib would rather be a sheik than King."

His home is a palace even equal in splendor to that of King Feisal and his sway over the tribes he controls is not disputed even by the most powerful potentates.

Though he was already more than three score and ten years, he still retained the vigor of his intellect, if not of his strength. His eyes fairly sparkled with the fire of youth as he told me of his country and his people:

"You of the Western world say we are a backward people," he declared. "But the time is coming when you will drift toward Arabic civilization—and the time is not far distant. This movement of your ideals is inevitable—Allah has decreed it," he said as he turned and gazed toward Mecca.

"Do not forget that we gave you much of what you now consider as Western creations," he continued, throwing his robe back. "We gave you your arithmetic, without which it would be impossible to carry on the vast commercial enterprises for which you are noted. We gave you your higher mathematics, your algebra. We were the first to compute for the unknown with X-Y, and we have seen our visions fulfilled even in the mathematics that has translated the stars into an open book. Few would have known the world was round without astronomy. Your mariners who circumnavigated the globe could not have sailed the high seas without the guidance of our calculation method originated ages before Columbus discovered America."

He declared that his people have heard much of America since the war. They think of it as a new nation, a new race which has taken up the old Arabic ideals and is drifting away from the civilization of Europe. They credit us with

preserving for them the philosophy of Aristotle when Europe had forgotten it.

Speaking of the curious intermingling of religions, here among the Mohammedans, Christians and Jews, live a sect of devil-worshippers with their curious, yet cunning theology. They pray to the devil because they consider that God is good and will take care of them without the necessity of their supplicating His benevolence in their prayers. They worship the devil, on the other hand, because they believe that they can thus appease his malevolence and bring the "Fallen Angel," as they consider him, back to heaven.

The one sensitive point of the Oriental is his faith. Religion is a passion with the Mohammedans. It is a subject of thought every day. Allah has already taken care of everything. Theirs is the duty of obedience wherever that may lead. Fanatics lash themselves with chains, cut their faces, and go into all sorts of frenzies on the religious holidays in their desire to secure the good will of "Him who watches from above." Mohammedans seldom cared for their sick or their weak. When they were ill with the plague, they bowed to the will of Allah. Refusing all medical assistance, they awaited the end, bemoaning that they could not have died in battle and gone straight to heaven. It remained for the Christ of Bethlehem to bring to the world a new religious ideal. In Baghdad, as elsewhere, I am afraid many so-called Christian sects are as far from following the Golden Rule of the lowly Nazarene.



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